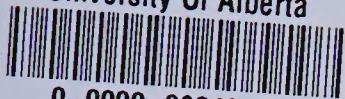


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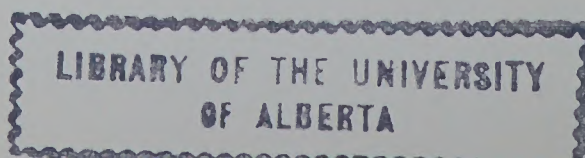
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To the Student

Why study about Asian countries? Several reasons might be given. One good reason might be that Asia makes up a very large part of the world. India, for example, has more people than all of the countries in Africa and Latin America combined. China has more people than the United States, Canada, Russia, England, Germany, France, and Italy together.

Another reason for studying Asia might be that Asian countries are becoming more powerful and more important in world affairs. India is now the world's largest democracy. China, next door to India, is the world's largest Communist nation. Japan is one of the world's three greatest industrial countries. Many Western powers think of all Asian countries as important customers for a wide variety of goods. Americans have learned at first hand about the growing power of the Asian countries. During the last thirty years, the United States fought three wars in Asia. In the 1940's, the war was against the Japanese. In the 1950's, it was against the people of North Korea. In the 1960's, soldiers went to Vietnam.

There is another reason for studying about Asia that is probably more important: Asians have come to grips with the problems of life people everywhere have faced. For thousands of years, Asians have been developing their own ways of living. Studying about their answers to problems, their special ways of thinking, feeling, and acting, should be most valuable. Learning about their failures may be valuable, too. It may help us to avoid some failures of our own.

The twenty-five studies you are about to read will give you a view of some of the ways of Asian life. The authors have carefully avoided the usual textbook views of Asia. You won't find stories about cherry blossoms, kite-flying, or silkworms in Japan. You won't find articles about Chinese chopsticks or Indian snake charmers. The studies cover a wide range of serious topics. They deal with such items as religious beliefs, marriage customs, growing cities, problems of farming, and even hunger. No one book could ever teach you all about Asia. Still, the

authors hope that these studies will help you to learn about the Asians' views of life. They also hope that the studies will help you to learn more about life's beauty and ugliness, its hopes and broken dreams, its successes and failures, its peace and fear, and its joys and agonies. Further, the authors hope that the studies will help you to learn more about that confusing and complex being called Man.

Robin J. McKeown

Daniel R. Birch

David Weitzman

One: Geographic Considerations



Glimpses of Asia

Study 1

Asia is a little—or a lot—of everything. It takes up a third of the land on the earth. It stretches halfway around the world. There are Asians in the icy Arctic and in the hot, steamy lands of the Southwest Pacific. Two thirds of the world's people live in Asia, yet it has vast stretches of empty space.

The pictures on these pages give you glimpses of this varied land.

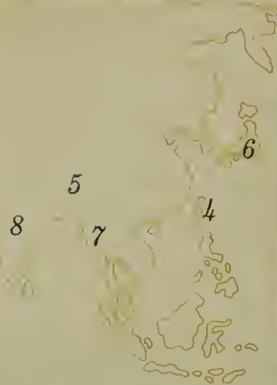


1. *Jungle roots entwine stone carvings at Angkor Thom, ancient capital of Cambodia.*

2. *This girl lives on the island of Bali in Indonesia, one of the "spice islands" that Columbus was looking for.*

3. *Two boys of a fisherman's family on Ceylon, an island in the Indian Ocean.*





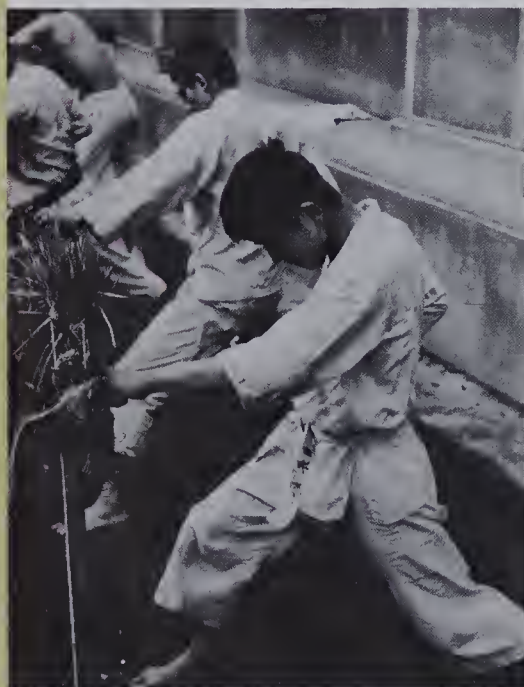
4. A religious ceremony
on Taiwan



5. The bleak steppes
are hard to farm, but
this Tibetan rejoices
in the open spaces.



6. Karate students
practice an ancient
Japanese art.



7. Groceries
balanced on her head,
this Burmese shopper
selects vegetables
with her free hand.



8. Teenagers
in India





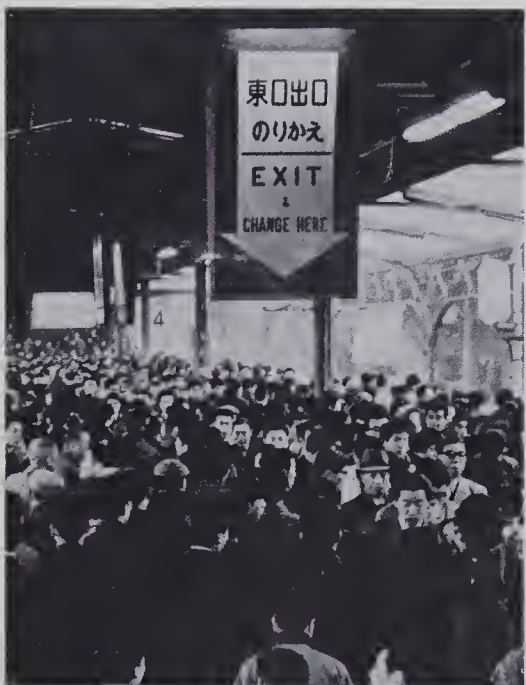
9. An Indian of the older generation meditates within sight of the Golden Temple of Amritsar.

10. Late winter in Kabul, Afghanistan

11. Morning in a Tokyo subway station

12. Sampans moored near Hong Kong form a water village of Chinese refugees.

13. Vietnam



What Is Asia?

There can be no single answer to the question "What is Asia?" It covers 18 million square miles of the earth, more than North and South America together. It touches Africa. It is joined to Europe. Why, then, is it thought of as separate from both of these?

Most of Africa is separated from Asia by the Red Sea. The only joining link of land is so small that man has cut a trench through it. The trench is the Suez Canal. One end of the canal touches Egypt, which is African. The other, at Port Said, is shown on maps as part of Asia.

But Europe is a different matter. Speaking of the land mass only, Europe and Asia are really one. Indeed, the two are often spoken of together as "Eurasia." So why call one part Europe and the rest Asia?

In Europe there are some common threads in the background of all the peoples. At least in a broad sense, one can say of the people and their ways of living, "These are European." But Asia has no single common thread. It is almost as though the Eurasia land mass were a collection of puzzle pieces. Whoever sorted out the puzzle asked himself one question about each piece: "Does this fit in with Europe?" Every piece that did fit became Europe. The leftover pieces were tagged *Asia*. These leftovers do not fit

together. They are just there, like non-matching puzzle pieces tossed together in one box.

There are many different races and shades of skin in Asia. Clothing varies even more widely than the wide differences in weather would make necessary.

That is saying a great deal, because Asia has every kind of climate there is. There are cold areas and hot, wet places and dry. Asia has the highest mountains in the world and one of the driest deserts. There are steaming lowlands, and places where the weather is mild and pleasant all year long. Some places get rain in summer, some in winter. Some get very little at any time. There are salt flats and thick rain forests. There is some good soil, but more that is poor. The kinds of trees and other growing things change from place to place.

Asia has wandering tribesmen and settled farmers, sometimes within a few miles of each other. It has about four dozen important, crowded cities. But some of its rural areas are almost as crowded as the cities.

Some Asian countries, particularly Japan, are rich and getting richer. Others have more trouble each year finding food for their people. Forms of government are different in different countries. There are almost as many brands of politics as there are people.

Ideas born in Asia thousands of years ago have helped to shape the history of the world. Yet there are island people in Indonesia still living in the Stone Age.

Nor are the differences only between countries in Asia. There are many differences within the countries, too. Some of the countries are not even wholly Asian. The Soviet Union is one example. Most of its land is in Asia, but its big important cities are in Europe. Turkey, too, is divided between Europe and Asia.

People sharing the same Asian country may have many different languages. The people of one village may not know the language of a village a few miles away. Neighboring groups may have widely different religions. They may have widely different ways of farming.

Somewhere in Asia can be found almost every kind of land and living known to man. The differences are interesting, but they do not always make for peaceful living. Moslems and Jews fight each other,

largely because their backgrounds and beliefs are different. Buddhists and Christians clash for the same reasons. So do Moslems and Hindus. People go to war even over differences in language.

Asia, with its many faces, is becoming more and more important to the rest of the world. The coal and iron deposits of Asia have hardly been touched. Southwest Asia has more oil than any other part of the world. Burma has lead and silver mines. There is gold in the Philippines, tin in Malaysia. Japan leads the world in some kinds of manufacturing. And Asia is becoming more and more important politically. Of the world's great powers, one is wholly and one partly Asian.

This book gives you only glimpses of the huge land's many faces. But even these glimpses will help you to see how large a part of the world is Asian. Perhaps they will help you to see that people everywhere, however different they may be, share many dreams and problems.

Asians of China and Asians of the Soviet Union have frequent ugly clashes at their common border.



Why?

1. There can be no one answer to “What is Asia?” because
(a) no two people can agree about it. (b) it is made up of too many different people, places, and ways of living. (c) each country insists that it alone is the only true Asia.
2. Europe and Asia are thought of as separate continents because
(a) the Red Sea lies between them. (b) European and Asian are two very different languages. (c) their people and ways of living are so different.
3. Living in Asia is not always peaceful because
(a) its many strong-man governments are always overthrowing each other. (b) armies from African countries keep invading Asia. (c) Asians fight one another, often over differences in their ways of living.
4. One reason Asia is important to the rest of the world is that
(a) most of the world’s food is grown in Asia. (b) it has so many valuable natural resources. (c) it is rich enough to lend money to any country that needs it.

What do you think?

1. What may be the one thing that, more than anything else, keeps the people of Asia from feeling any sense of “togetherness”? How might the United States be different if every state had its own language and no one language was understood in all states? Are there any large groups of American citizens who neither speak nor understand English?
2. Could anything be done to help all the people of Asia understand one another better? What would you suggest as a first step? Who or what would be in a position to take the first step?
3. Does living crowded closely together help people to know and understand one another? Would it make a difference if they all spoke different languages, ate different foods, and had different religions?
4. Are there any places in the United States where people live crowded closely together? Does any trouble arise because of that? because of differences in religion? in language?
5. Should only those people be grouped together who have the same backgrounds, the same language, the same religion, and the same ideas? Can you think of any circumstances under which people from many backgrounds and with many differences might live peacefully together and learn from one another?

Monsoon!

Study 2

Hari Singh walked slowly along the dusty path to the old waterhole, now almost dry. He had to pick his way across the hard-baked cracks in the earth. Hari Singh knew that disaster was near. If the rains did not come soon, there would be no water. The cows would die. The crops would fail. Hunger and thirst would kill most of the people in the village. The rains had been due on June 14. It was now the third of July, and still the dry land gasped for breath.

There was no sound. Birds and animals had found places to hide from the fierce blaze of the sun. Most of the village slept, or tried to. There was no other way to get away from the 120-degree heat.

Two weeks before, Hari Singh had seen a thick black wall of clouds in the southern sky. The cloud wall spread until it blocked the sun. The monsoon seemed to be on its way at last! The people waited eagerly. But the cloud was not a rain cloud. It was an ugly cloud of thick black dust.

The choking dust, swept by a hot wind, blocked eyes and throats and noses. People caught outside could only huddle on the ground and wait till the wind moved on.

But suddenly today, Hari Singh heard a sound that made him look up sharply. It was the shrill cry of a bird. Forgetting the heat, he turned and ran to the village. Other villagers had also heard the sound. They were at the center of the village, peering at the sky. In the distance, another cloud was rising.

At first only a thin black line could be seen along the horizon. Then the blackness spread rapidly up and out, covering the southern sky. Flashes of lightning pierced the blackness. From far away came rumbles of deep, slow thunder.

The blackness mounted until it reached the sun. The whole sky grew dark. The air in the village suddenly became heavy with hot moisture. The people had trouble breathing.

Suddenly a deafening clap of thunder seemed to burst the earth.

Tongues of lightning licked out at the people. A few drops of rain struck the earth with sudden force. Around them, the hot dust rose in puffs. Then the whole sky seemed to open up. The rain came in a headlong rush. Huge drops beat like hammer blows on the iron roofs of the village huts.

The people in the village welcomed the downpour with shouts of pure joy. They held out their arms and turned their faces upward to the pounding rain. For six hours, rain and people seemed to be joined together in a wild celebration. There was dancing and laughing and shouting, and the rain and the wind roared. Paths and streets in the village became small rivers. The mud walls of the houses began to wash away. Grass roofs fell in.

Later the rain lessened, but it did not stop. For the next three months, there would be rain almost all the time.

Within days, green blades of grass were pushing up through the muddy earth. Leafless, thirsting trees were suddenly green again. The croaking of frogs and the whirring of moths' wings once again became comforting sounds in the night.

Lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and snakes seemed to appear from nowhere. They could be seen swimming, sliding, floating in the flood. They clung to the ceilings or lived in the roofs of the huts. The people hardly noticed them. The rains had come! Nothing else really mattered. The crops would grow. The people could breathe. For another year, the village would be alive.

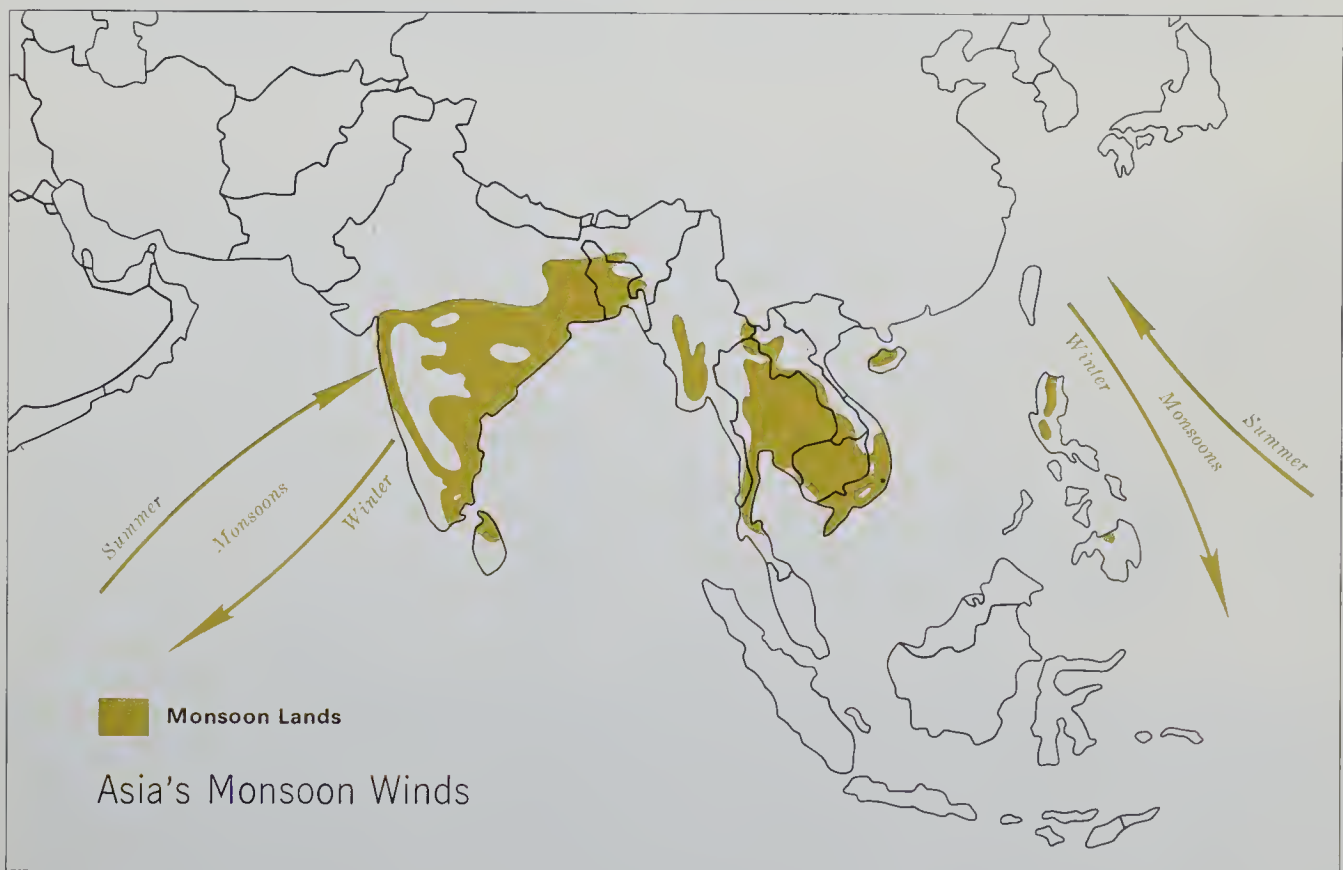
During monsoon season, being rain-drenched becomes a welcome way of life for these villagers in India.



The Wind and the Weather

What's the weather like in Asia? That is an even harder question to answer than "What's the weather like in the United States?" Both Asia and the United States have many different kinds of weather. But southern and eastern Asia have at least one kind that the United States does not

have. It is caused by a special kind of wind, called the monsoon. Because of it, some parts of Asia are sometimes called the Monsoon Lands. Among them are India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Vietnam, the Philippines, eastern China, Korea, and Japan.



Monsoon winds affect three kinds of areas in Asia, but not all those areas have to depend on monsoons alone to make farming possible. Some get rain at other seasons. Some have such cool weather that the soil does not dry out. Only a small amount of rain is enough for crops in those places. In others, there is so little warm weather that crops are never planted. In all such areas, life goes on in much the same way with or without monsoon rains. In the areas shown on this map, however, the only rain that ever falls is what the monsoons bring. The thousands of people in these areas depend on their own small pieces of land for all their food. When the monsoons fail to arrive, or fail to bring rain, the crops cannot grow. Without the monsoon rains, the people go hungry.

The word *monsoon* means *season*. A monsoon wind moves in one direction in winter and in the opposite direction in summer. The winter monsoon most often starts over a land mass and blows toward the sea. A summer monsoon starts over the ocean and moves toward land. Summer or winter, the monsoon is part of a whole wind pattern.

The winter monsoon is likely to be a dry wind that brings little or no rain. In South Asia, the winter wind is not a fierce one, but it does dry the land. In East Asia, the winter wind is stormy. It

brings bad weather to parts of China, Japan, and Korea. In southern China, it is likely to bring rain and snow. It brings to North China and Manchuria some of the coldest weather in the world.

Things other than winds, of course, affect the weather. The distance from the equator is one. The distance from the sea is another. Height above sea level is a third. Mountains affect the weather, too. In Asia, for example, the high Himalaya Mountains form a windbreak. Air from the ocean must rise in order to cross the mountains on its way toward Central

This picture was taken in 1966, the second year in a row when little or no rain fell in India.



Asia. As it rises it cools. Its moisture drops as rain.

Everything taken together—the winds, the rain, and the temperature—have much to do with the way people live. In Asia, weather is all-important. One reason is that in Asia millions of people depend directly on the land for their living. Another is that most of those millions are too poor to protect themselves from the effects of weather.

Men still have much to learn about the causes of changes in weather. But even without knowing the reasons, people come

to expect certain kinds of weather at certain seasons. When the expected fails to happen, the people may be in deep trouble. In India, for example, very little rain fell during 1965 and 1966. Wells dried up. Crops failed. Many thousands died. There might have been millions of deaths if the government of India had not acted promptly. The government saved lives by buying wheat from the United States and other countries.

Two thirds of all the people in the world live in Asia. The fate of many of them depends on the wind and the weather.

Which?

1. In the story, the first cloud that blocked the sun was
(a) a rain cloud. (b) a cloud of thick, black smoke. (c) a cloud of thick, black dust.
2. Hari Singh first knew the monsoon was near when he heard
(a) the cry of a bird. (b) the people shouting. (c) the rumble of thunder.
3. Just before the rain began, the air became
(a) icy cold. (b) very heavy. (c) evil-smelling.
4. When the heavy rain started, the people
(a) ran for home. (b) danced and shouted. (c) were made miserable by frogs.
5. Once a monsoon rain has started, it lasts about
(a) six hours. (b) three months. (c) two weeks.
6. When the rains came,
(a) all small animals were destroyed. (b) the trees turned green. (c) the people had to leave their village.

Why?

1. It is not easy to tell about the weather in Asia because
(a) there are so many different kinds of weather there. (b) the weather is never the same twice in any given area. (c) there are no weather stations there.
2. A certain kind of wind may be called a monsoon because
(a) it changes direction with the seasons. (b) monsoon means “storm at sea.” (c) that is the Indian word for *moon* and *sun*.
3. The Himalaya Mountains affect the weather in India because
(a) they are so high they blot out the sun. (b) they cause the winds to rise, cool, and lose their moisture on the way to Central Asia. (c) they are so high the jet streams swirl around them.
4. Life in Asia is more affected by weather than life in the United States because
(a) most homes in the United States are heated or air-cooled. (b) Asia raises more crops than the United States. (c) many more people in Asia depend directly on the land for their living.

What do you think?

1. What may be the reason that winter monsoons carry less rain than summer monsoons?
2. What are some of the ways in which weather affects your life? Might weather have anything to do with the income of some of the people in the United States? Why or why not? Is this matter of weather and income a greater or lesser problem here or in India? Why?
3. Could the people of Hari Singh’s village do anything to keep their lives from being ruled by the weather? Could the government of India help them to do it? If so, how? Should the government help them? Why or why not?
4. Could or should people from other countries try to help people like those in Hari Singh’s village? Why or why not?
5. What kinds of activity in Asia besides farming may be affected by the monsoon?

Poor Mr. Li

Study 3

Mr. Li is Chinese. Or is he? His family has not lived in China for hundreds of years. More grandfathers ago than Mr. Li can trace, they came to live in Malaysia. (In those days, it was called Malaya.) Mr. Li is proud of his Chinese background. Still he is a citizen of Malaysia. To the Malaysian government, however, Mr. Li is Chinese. Mr. Li has some tin mines, but the government will not let him have any more. A rule has been made that no more tin lands can be leased to Chinese.

Mr. Li does speak Chinese, but not very well. Recently he and his family have begun to learn Malay. Their first language is English, which they all speak very well.

The Li family has no ties with ancient Chinese religions, either. They are Methodists, as were Mr. Li's parents. His parents chose a Methodist girl of their own class to be his wife.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Li have a fine home in a part of Kuala Lumpur called Kenny Hill. They own a Mercedes-Benz from Germany. Mahmud, a Malay, drives it for them. Their teen-age daughters share an Austin-Healey sports car. The family bought that on their last trip to England. For years, members of the Li family have gone to school in England. It is one of their favorite countries.

The Li house has a garden with a great view of the mountains to the east. A Tamil, whose people came from South India some time ago, takes care of the garden. Sometimes Mrs. Li's Chinese cook serves dinner out there.

Mr. Li has much in life to make him happy. Still, he worries a lot. The price of tin is dropping. The tin ore is running out. Mr. Li's workmen have joined a union and are asking for more money. And then there is that matter of no new tin mines for Chinese.

Not that Mr. Li has to depend on his tin mines for a living. He has about a thousand acres of rubber trees. But the rubber plantations worry him too. He doesn't trust his Chinese managers. Some of them make extra money by letting strangers come and tap Mr. Li's trees.



Mr. Li owns property on just such a street. Only poor Chinese live in this crowded section.

Then there is his electrical appliance store. It is in an old and very crowded part of the city. The second and third floors of the building are rented out to poor Chinese families. A family of seven or more may live in a space about the size of two double beds. Mr. Li sometimes worries that some of these people may be careless about their cooking. They could cause a fire that would burn down the whole building. Once a fire started, it would be hard to put it out. The one-way streets in that part of town are always jammed. Trucks, cars, trishaws, bicycles, and peddlers with pushcarts take up every inch of room. It would not be easy for firefighters to get through the crowd to save Mr. Li's building.

Mr. Li worries about the stock market, too. So far his stocks, bought in London and Singapore, have brought him a good income. But who knows? With the world in the state it is, anything could happen.

Still, Mr. Li keeps looking ahead. The government has built a whole

new town about five miles from Kuala Lumpur. Some seventy thousand people live there. Their brick and tile homes have running water and electric lights. Some have gardens and carports. Most of the people work in the two hundred factories that have been built in the new town. They make such things as rubber tires, cigarettes, matches, paint, and medicine. There is even a Pepsi-Cola plant. Mr. Li thinks the new town might be a good place to build a textile mill. He knows he would not have to pay much in taxes. The only question is, how high will wages go? Everyone these days thinks he has to have a house, a radio, a sewing machine, or a motor scooter. Where will it all end?

Mr. Li will probably build the mill. But he will worry about not being able to compete with cheap goods from Japan and Hong Kong.

A great number of Mr. Li's fellow Asians worry about where their next meal is coming from. They would be amazed to know how many things Mr. Li finds to worry about.

Chinese and Malays share this government-built housing, but the boys in the picture are all Chinese.



Poor People in Rich Countries

Most of Asia's millions of people are desperately poor. Many of them never get enough of anything to eat. Many more fail to get enough of the right kinds of food to keep them healthy. Yet many of them live in countries like Malaysia that are rich in natural resources. In a country that has rubber trees and tin mines and busy factories, why should the people be poor?

Mr. Li is one of the answers. He makes money on the rubber and tin that he ships out of Malaysia. Some day the tin will be gone. Even the rubber trees may not be replaced forever. When they are gone, the Malaysians will have nothing to show that their country was once rich. They will have only the machinery from the factories, perhaps. Or the crumbling buildings.

Mr. Li, of course, is only a tiny part of the picture. He is only a small businessman. Not a very large part of Asia's treasures will leave Asia through his hands. He cannot be compared to the giant companies that take teak from Thailand, oil from Borneo, jute from India.

If the Asians themselves shared the profits from their natural treasures, life would be different for them. But the usual pattern is that the people of the country simply do the work. Their governments, the upper classes, and foreign businesses get the profits.

Of course there are exceptions. Japan, with few natural riches, has become one giant factory. Its people are building a good life by manufacturing things for other countries. Raw materials from other countries are sent to Japan. There skilled workers make them into radios, shoes, ships, records, and what have you. These things are then returned to other countries. No natural riches have left Japan. Healthy profits have stayed there.

But other parts of Asia have problems Japan does not have. The matter of differences is one. Most Asian cities have people of many different races. The races live in different districts. In Kuala Lumpur, three of every five people are Chinese. Most live in the crowded Chinatown where Mr. Li has his shop. Nearby is Kampong Bahru. Only Malays are allowed to live there. They live in huts with wooden walls, thatched roofs, earth floors. The Malays have their own market, and their own place to pray. The men work hard, but are poorly paid. Some of them have pedicabs. They might wait all night long and not get a single fare. Others try to make a living selling food on the sidewalk. But there are too many people trying to sell. There are not nearly so many wanting to buy. Some of the women wash bits of tin from the muddy rivers. This is hard work and pays little, even on a good day.

There are poor Indian districts near Kampong Bahru. The Indians living there have the dirtiest, hardest jobs in the city.

Sometimes the poor spill over out of their districts. They live in huts and lean-tos, thrown together on land where they have no right to be. The government of Kuala Lumpur tried to help these and other poor people. That is why a new town was built five miles from the city. Squatters and people from the slums were supposed to live there. But the people for whom the new houses were intended could not afford them. The town became a middle-class suburb. There are Chinese, Malays and Indians there. But they have little to

do with one another. If they talk to each other at all, it is in English.

There are more jobs to be had in Kuala Lumpur than in many other cities. And the government is trying to make Malaysia a better place for Malays. Some government jobs can be held by Malays only. Malay students get more scholarships than do Chinese or Indians. Some businesses can be run only by Malays. Finally, the government is trying to make one city and one country out of many races. One way they are trying to do it is through “Malay-ization.” One thing that means is that everyone is required by law to learn Malay.

Which?

1. The first language in the Li family is
(a) Chinese. (b) Malay. (c) English.
2. Mr. Li's parents were following one old Chinese custom when they
(a) became Methodists. (b) chose a wife for their son. (c) moved to Malaysia.
3. The Li household contains people or products of at least
(a) five countries. (b) ten countries. (c) fifteen countries.
4. Judging from the story, which of the following changes is taking place in Kuala Lumpur?
(a) Most people are becoming Methodists. (b) The government is trying to help the Malay people. (c) The rubber trees are dying out.
5. The Li family appears to be
(a) a typical Asian family. (b) much better off than most Asian families. (c) running Kuala Lumpur.

Why?

1. One reason countries like Malaysia have so many poor people is that
(a) the land has no natural riches. (b) the natural resources are controlled by foreign businesses. (c) no one can work in such hot weather.
2. Mr. Li worries about the danger of fire in his building because
(a) so many people who live in it might be burned to death. (b) once fire started, it would be hard to save the building. (c) the government no longer allows Chinese to carry fire insurance.
3. The government built a whole new town five miles from Kuala Lumpur because
(a) people who were moved out of the slums needed places to live. (b) foreign businessmen wanted to live in a town without Malays. (c) building it provided jobs for officials.

What do you think?

1. Is it fair to keep Mr. Li from opening new tin mines? Is it fair to make it easier for one race than another to get scholarships? How does the Malaysian government justify these practices? Do you agree or disagree? Why? Would your answers be the same or different if the country being discussed were the United States?
2. What might be the reason the government is willing to let Mr. Li open a textile mill at a low tax rate even though it will not let him have more tin mines?
3. What are the disadvantages of having a great many foreign businesses in any country? Are there any advantages?
4. Was the Malaysian government right to move people out of their slum homes? What may have happened to some of those people later? What has sometimes happened in the same kind of situation in the United States? Should slums be cleared or allowed to stay as they are? Do you have any ideas as to good ways to improve housing for poor people?
5. Do you think the government is right to insist that everyone learn the Malay language? Are there any rules like this in the United States? Should there be?
6. Kuala Lumpur sometimes has race riots between Malays and Chinese. If you were the head of government in Kuala Lumpur, what steps would you try to take to keep riots from happening in your city? Would you follow the same or a different plan if you were the head of government in a crowded American city?

Two Sides of Horror

Study 4

Borneo is the third largest island in the world. Part of it is Malaysian. Part belongs to Indonesia. The people whose home it has been for the greatest number of centuries are called Dayaks. That word means “people who live inland or on mountains.” Some people from Malaysia live along the coast. A few people whose families came from India live in the towns. But in Kalimantan, which is the Indonesian part of Borneo, there are mostly Dayaks and Chinese.

Dayaks and Chinese have their separate villages. They do not speak the same language or believe in the same gods. Even their ways of farming the same kind of soil are quite different. For hundreds of years they have left each other in peace. In 1968, however, the Dayaks attacked the Chinese in Kalimantan.

Here are two accounts of what happened. The first is a Dayak’s story. The second is told by a Chinese villager.

The Dayak Story

Strangers had been coming into our Dayak villages for many weeks. Many were Chinese. A few were not. All said they were Communists.

Dayaks knew nothing of Communists, nor did we want to. We spend our days trying to keep the jungle from taking over our bits of land. We cut down small trees and heavy plants and burn them on the spot. The ash makes the hillside soil richer. With sharp sticks, we poke holes in the ground. Into each hole we drop grains of rice—and pray for rain. Sometimes we move into huts close to our fields. That is so we can protect the crop from animals, and from the jungle.

When the crop is ripe, we cut off the grain heads, one by one. The rice is threshed from them. Then we must move on. The forest must grow again. It may be half a dozen years before there are enough trees and plants to burn. We must wait. Without ash, there can be no crops.

So we are busy. The men who said they were Communists wanted us to do more. They wanted us to fight against the government of Indonesia. Indonesia? It is only a name to us. There is a city called Djakarta, many days' journey from here. People in Djakarta make rules for us to follow. Much later, we sometimes hear about the rules. Is this a reason to leave our fields and families? We had no wish to fight the government so far away. We had no wish to fight anyone. Once our tribes were mighty headhunters. No more. We have lived in peace for many years. We did not want to change.

But one night something happened. One of our chiefs was killed. The elders met. They knew a Communist must be the murderer. But the Communists were nowhere to be found.

"Many of the Communists were Chinese," said one of the elders. "Therefore, many Chinese must be Communists. Someone must pay for the death of our beloved chief. Let the Chinese in the villages pay with their blood."

And so the peaceful Dayaks had to war on the Chinese.

The Chinese Side

We Chinese living in inland villages had no warning. One night I jumped awake to the blood-chilling sound of war cries. Bands of Dayaks were sweeping through the homes in our village. There was killing, looting, burning. Some of the Dayaks did things never heard of before. One killed my brother with a huge knife. As my brother fell, the warrior threw the knife aside. He cupped his hands and scooped them full of

Chinese and Dayaks have different ways of rice farming. Is this the Chinese or the Dayak way?



blood. I watched from hiding as he drank it. My brother's blood dripped from the Dayak's chin and ran down his body.

Other tribesmen cut down women and children. Screams of agony mixed with the flames from burning houses.

I was lucky. Carrying my youngest son, I was able to escape into the dark forest. But never shall I forget the horror of that night.

All who lived made their way to the coast. Most of us had lost everything we had. Inland, many Dayaks moved down out of the hills. They took over the land we had worked all our lives. They took over what was left of the village where I was born.

What had happened? Far away in Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia, officers of the government tried to find out. Some said it was a Communist revolt. Some said it was anti-Communist.

It is not easy to explain. Why should men who had lived in peace for generations suddenly take the lives of people born in nearby villages? It is true that Chinese and Dayaks do not understand each other. We farm differently. Our homes are different. We have different languages and different religions. We have different loyalties, too. Most Chinese are loyal either to Red China or to Nationalist China. On that point we do not agree. But we are still Chinese. Dayaks are loyal to their family and their tribe.

Indonesia? Neither Chinese nor Dayaks care very much for Indonesia. We both wish the government would leave us alone to make a living. It is not likely that either of us would want to war against the government.

Still, there was that night of horror. It is hard to explain what happened.

This is a Dayak longhouse. Chinese houses are also built on poles. For what reason?



The “Why” of Violence

Why did peaceful Dayak farmers suddenly become mad killers? Why were Chinese villages burned? Why were harmless Chinese farmers tortured and put to death? The Dayaks did not know the men they killed. The Chinese did not know their killers. What caused the sudden violence?

Could it have been because the Chinese and the Dayaks live such different lives?

The poorest Dayaks live by hunting and gathering food in the forest. They move their camps when food is scarce. Most Dayaks, however, are settled farmers.

A Dayak village is really a big longhouse in a clearing. Such a house, made of bamboo and built high off the ground, may be home to several hundred people. Each family climbs a notched log to its own room. Chickens share the room with the people. A roof made of palm leaves woven together keeps out most of the rain.

The Chinese have their separate villages, their own ways of life. They brought their own way of farming to Borneo. Many of their farms are on what was once swamp land. They build small dikes around their rice fields. Then they flood the flat fields with shallow water. The water helps to keep the soil rich. Young rice plants are set by hand in the flooded fields, called paddies. Hot weather helps the rice grow fast. When the crop is almost ripe, the paddies are drained so the rice can dry out.

After the harvest, the Chinese hitch plows to water buffalo. The paddies are plowed, then flooded and planted again. The Chinese way of growing rice makes it possible to use the same fields year after year. There is no need to wait, as the Dayaks wait, for trees and plants to grow again.

Many Chinese rice farmers raise rubber trees, too. The rubber is shipped to other countries. Pineapples and other hot-weather fruits are also raised near many Chinese villages.

Chinese villages have several houses, some stores, and a school. Trails between the rice paddies join the villages together. Like the Dayak longhouse, many Chinese homes are built on poles. The space between house and ground lets cool air blow through. Sometimes a whole Chinese street may be built on boards. Such streets have roofs over them.

Most Borneo Chinese believe in reincarnation. That is, they believe they will return to earth in a different form after death. The Dayaks have quite different beliefs. One of them is that rocks, trees, and animals have spirits. Most Dayaks are careful not to make the spirits angry. If the spirits are angered, they may do great harm. Another Dayak idea is that the spirits can move about. They think that evil spirits can enter into people's

bodies. Spirits may also be useful. Long ago, when Dayaks hunted heads, they did it with a purpose. If they took a person's head, they believed, the person's spirit would protect their crops.

In all the years they have been Borneo neighbors, the Chinese and the Dayaks have not really met. Almost none of the differences between their ways of living have melted away. It sometimes seems that how people live depends on where they live. But the Dayaks and the Chinese

prove that this is not always true. Even though they live in the same place, they are completely different. They have not even come to know each other.

People who do not know one another are not likely to trust one another. They are much more likely to live in fear. Fear is a breeding ground for hate. People who fear and hate can be used by others for their own ends. Even peaceful people, like the Dayak farmers, may be brought from fear to sudden violence.

Which?

1. The story takes place in Kalimantan, Borneo, which is
(a) part of North China. (b) ruled by headhunters. (c) part of Indonesia.
2. The Dayaks of Kalimantan
(a) made their living by selling heads. (b) were all Communists. (c) knew nothing of Communists.
3. The Dayak attack on the Chinese might never have happened if
(a) the Indonesian government had not ordered it. (b) the Communists had not killed a Dayak chief. (c) the Chinese had not made fun of Dayak farming.
4. A good name for the Dayak way of rice farming would be
(a) cut-and-burn. (b) Chinese agriculture. (c) underwater gardening.
5. The Chinese side of the story was told by
(a) a Chinese villager who had been born in Indonesia. (b) a Communist who came to Kalimantan. (c) a man who lived in China.
6. One matter about which Chinese and Dayaks seem to agree is
(a) the best way to grow rice. (b) religion. (c) the government of Indonesia.

Why?

1. The Chinese flood their fields and the Dayaks burn down trees, both because
(a) they enjoy doing damage. (b) they want to make the soil richer. (c) they think that spirits tell them to.
2. The Chinese drain their rice fields because
(a) water is not good for rice. (b) they need the water for other purposes. (c) they want the rice to dry out before being harvested.
3. Both Chinese and Dayak homes may be built on poles because
(a) the air space makes the houses cooler. (b) houses on poles are easy to defend. (c) the higher the house the better the view.
4. Communists came to Dayak villages because they wanted the Dayaks to
(a) revolt against their village chiefs. (b) go to work in Red China. (c) fight against the government of Indonesia.

What do you think?

1. Could violence between groups in the United States come about in somewhat the same way as the Dayak attack? How might the reasons be the same? How might they be different?
2. Are there any ways in which the government of Indonesia could help Chinese and Dayaks understand one another better? Should it try to do so?
3. Should groups from different backgrounds all keep their own separate ways of doing things, even though they are close neighbors? Why or why not? Are “old ways” always the best ways? Should members of any group be bound by the ways of their ancestors?
4. What are some conditions that might make it possible for neighbors to follow different ways of life without being frightened or suspicious of one another? What are some of the differences between groups in this country? How do the differences affect American life generally?
5. If you had been a Dayak leader, what advice would you have offered when the chief was killed?
6. What are some of the ways in which the weather and the soil have shaped both the Chinese and the Dayak ways of living in Borneo? What are some of the other things that have affected their ways? Which kinds of things have tended to make the two groups more alike? Which have made them different?

Overview in Maps and Pictures

Study 5

The many faces of Asia are too great to map. The maps and pictures in this study will help you get an idea of the immense amount of land that Asia covers. They will point out some of the many kinds of land and weather. They will help you see how different kinds of land and weather bring about different ways of making a living. In the same way, you will see that the number of people who live in any one place depends largely on the land and weather there. Land and weather also have much to do with the ways that people make a living. The ways people make a living, and how good a living they make, determine other things. How healthy are the people? How comfortable are they? How long may they expect to live? What chance do they have to enjoy their lives? What chance do they have of making their lives better? What are some basic differences between Asia and the United States?

Look closely at the pictures, maps, and charts in this study. They may tell you as much about Asia as all the books you could read on the subject.

Old methods are being used in building this addition to an iron and steel plant at Burnpur, India.





Asia

Capital city

Other important city

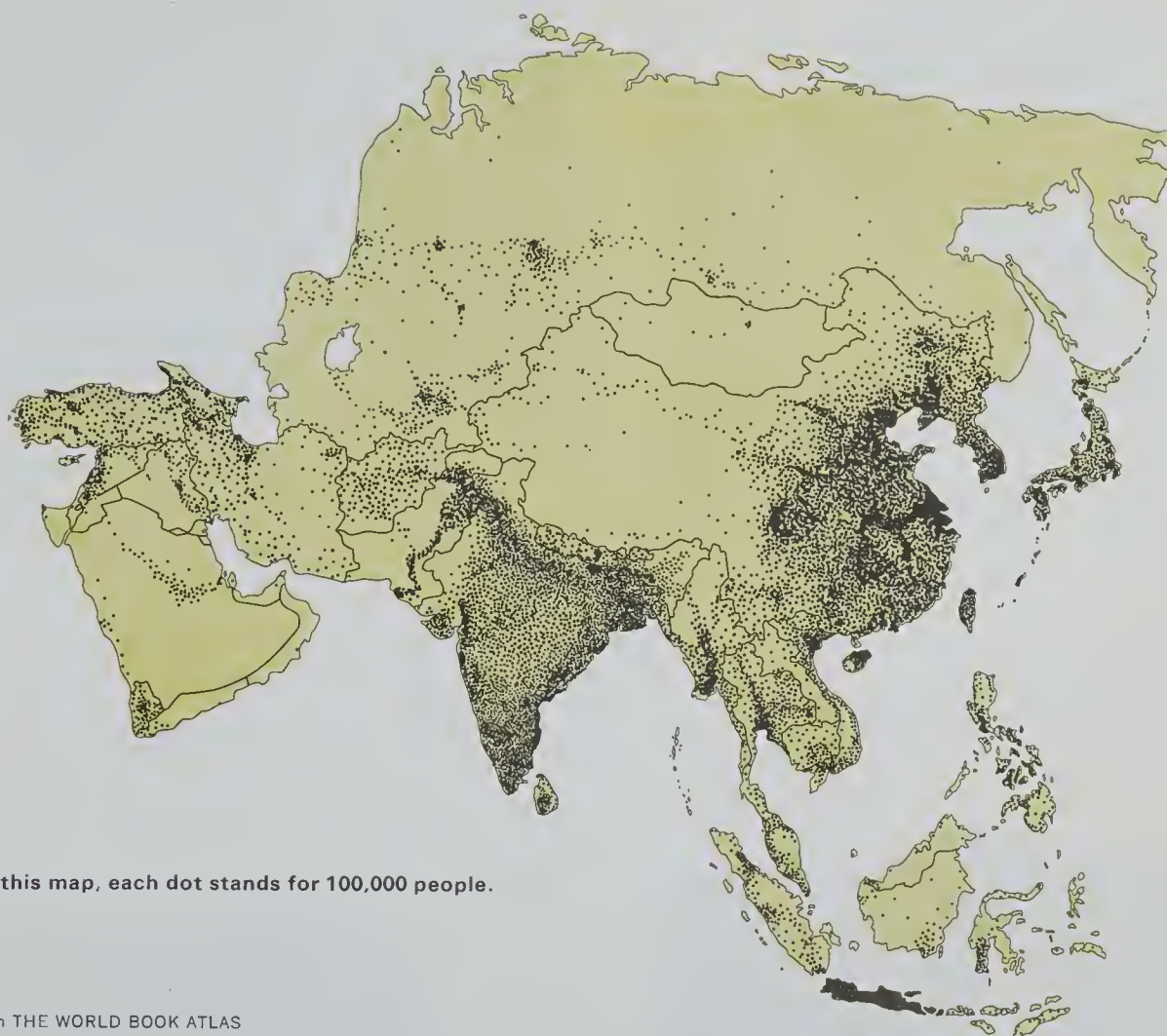
River

Mountains and hills

Statute Miles

One inch on this map stands for 813 miles on the earth.

How Many People — and Where?



On this map, each dot stands for 100,000 people.

From THE WORLD BOOK ATLAS

Five thousand years ago, Asia had more land and more people than any other part of the world. There are many more millions of people in the world now. But now, as in the ancient past, Asia has most of them. In China alone, if all the farm land were divided among all the people, each person would have a third of an acre. If all the farm land in the United States were divided, each person living there would have about eight times as much as each Asian.



Some 3 million people live in an area of about 33 square miles around the Hong Kong harbor.

How the Land Is Used



Most crops need level land, a long growing season, good soil, enough rain. In a few places in Asia, rivers make irrigation possible. But of Asia's 18 million square miles, only about 10% can be used for crops. Rice and other cereal grains are the main foods. There is little meat. Most Asians cannot afford to feed animals, even though the animals would in time become good food.

From THE WORLD BOOK ATLAS



How Well Fed Are the People?



From THE WORLD BOOK ATLAS

Compare this map with the map on page 34. Which Asian countries have a well-fed population?

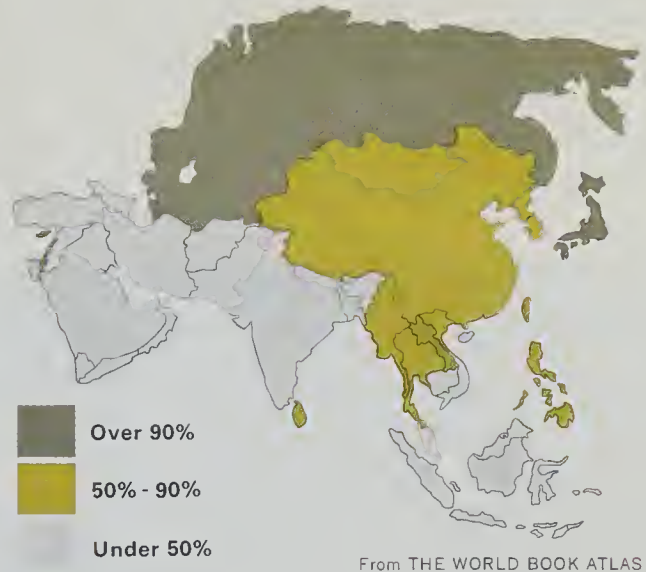


"Language wars" are not unusual. These women are demanding the use of their language.

In many parts of Asia, not one person in five can even sign his name. In many of those same parts, there are dozens of language differences. India, for example, has about 180 languages and more than 700 different dialects. To make matters worse, some of Asia's written languages have more than 3,500 characters. With problems like these, and many others, it is hardly surprising that fewer than half the people learn to read and write.

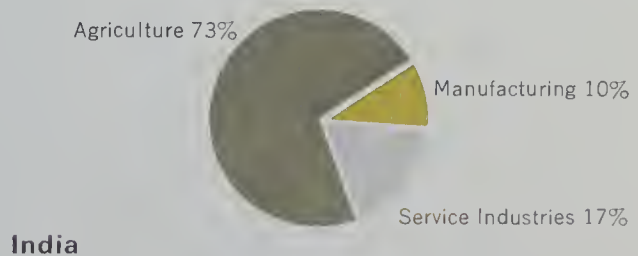
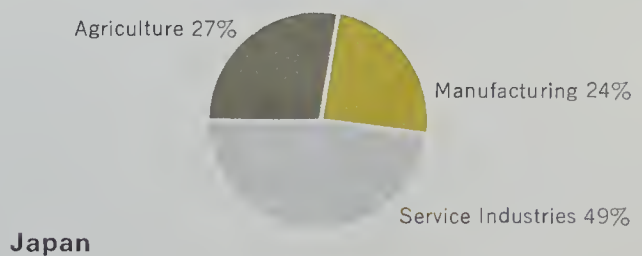
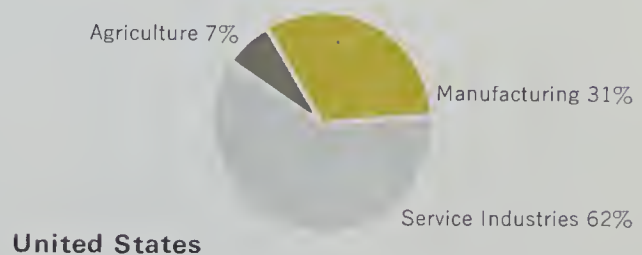
Japan is as crowded as any other Asian country. It has even less crop land than most. Natural resources are much more abundant in other Asian countries than in Japan. Yet the Japanese people have enough good food to eat. They have good schooling. A baby born there has a good chance (one of the best in the world) to live to grow up. Do these charts suggest a reason why the people of the U.S. and Japan live better than most people in India?

How Many Asians Can Read and Write?



How Do the People Make Their Living?

Percentage of Work Force



Two: Traditional Patterns



Strike

Study 1

Shanta was born just outside the small village of Jammu, India. The plan of her whole life, for the most part, had already been settled. She was an untouchable, a member of the lowest caste in Indian life. As a member of that caste, she would have to obey certain unwritten rules. And she would have little chance of changing them. Now, at the age of thirty, Shanta is still forced to live by those rules. They govern almost every part of her life.

Shanta has three children to feed and clothe. But she had no choice as to the work she would do to earn her living and theirs. Untouchables are expected to do certain kinds of work. They are not allowed to do any other kind. In India, such matters have been settled for hundreds and hundreds of years.

Jammu is one of more than 500,000 villages in India, all much alike. In Jammu, the members of five untouchable families are expected to clean all the houses, huts, and streets. Shanta's job is to care for the homes of thirty village families. She has to sweep, clean, and get rid of the garbage. For this work, each of the thirty families is supposed to pay her. Her pay is set at one piece of bread each day. That means thirty small, thin pieces of bread a day to keep her and her children alive.

Like most of India, Jammu gets extremely hot just before the rainy season. Flies, dust, and disease get worse as the heat increases. At this time of year, before the rains come, water is something to talk about and wait for. The single village well, always the center of village life, now becomes a place of even greater importance. People gather near it, talking of the days when the rains will come.

The village food supply is almost always low during the hot season. That is because the hot season comes between the times when crops are harvested. This year, there is even less food than usual. Hunger becomes a part of daily life. The faces and bodies of the village people clearly show how poorly they are fed. Very few people can get enough food for more than one meal a day. Tempers grow short. There is anger

over the heat, the lack of food, the shortage of water for the fields. Arguments break out, even among old friends.

Shanta, as an untouchable, always receives less than others. Now, when food and water are so scarce, she is worse off than ever. Family after family, whose homes she cleans, fails to pay her the daily piece of bread. Before long she is receiving only about six pieces of bread a day. She and her little family are almost starving.

Seeing her children go hungry makes Shanta deeply angry. She begins to hate the people who have failed to pay her. One morning she decides not to clean any houses until she is paid. This is an unheard-of act in Jammu! Nothing quite like it has ever happened before.

The other untouchables in Jammu join Shanta. They refuse to work until they are paid.

When the men of the village return from the fields, they learn about the strike. They are shocked! How can untouchables go on strike? How can they refuse to do what their Hindu religion demands of them?

Three days go by. The villagers become more and more alarmed. Dirt begins to pile up. A sacred cow dies and begins to rot in a side street. No person but an untouchable is ever allowed to remove a dead animal. And now the untouchables refuse to do it!

The garbage is not picked up. The untouchables refuse to touch it. The village begins to smell bad. Most of the higher castes are not allowed to clean up garbage from the streets. The odor increases.

A woman who is expecting a baby is terribly worried. Only an untouchable woman can touch the blood involved in the birth of a child. No one else will help the mother-to-be at the birth.

The village leaders decide to act. What should be done? A decision is finally reached. Water from the village well must not be given to the untouchables until they do their work.

This is a blow to the strikers. Now they must go thirsty as well as hungry. Shanta, her children, and the others are faced with thirst, starvation, and possibly death. In desperation, they begin to sell their tools and furniture. The few things they have to sell bring in a little money. With it, they can secretly buy a bit of food and water from some of the villagers. Within ten days, however, the last of the money is gone. The untouchables have nothing left to sell. There is no longer any hope of getting food or water.

The problems multiply. Shanta's youngest child begins to suffer from a fever.

Two days go past—two days without food or water. Shanta and her other children begin to suffer dizzy spells. Asleep or awake, they have tortured dreams of pools of clear, cool water.

On the third day, Shanta looks long at her suffering children. Then she makes a decision. She walks slowly into the village. Without a word, she goes to one of the village homes and cleans it. Then she goes to the village well and joins the village women who are gathered there. Silently, she holds out her clay pot to a higher-caste person. She waits. In a few moments the pot is filled with water.

The news spreads through the village. The strike is ended.



Caste in India

Caste is not based upon skin color, brains, or the amount of money a person has. In India a person is born into a caste, and there he must remain. He cannot move up or down. The only way to escape is to break rules and be thrown out. But then the outcast has no place to go. Not even the lower castes will accept such a person. A village person thrown out of his caste is cut off from his family and friends forever.

Generally speaking, the caste system in India is not so rigid as it once was. Discrimination against the untouchables was supposed to have been outlawed in 1948. Still, caste determines the way most Hindus must behave, and nine out of ten

Indians are Hindus. Unwritten rules determine the kind of job a man can get and whom he can marry. His way of dressing, even the food he eats, are decided by caste rules. The way people speak to him depends upon the caste into which he was born. Even the kind of funeral he will have depends upon his caste.

Whether a person belongs to a high caste or a low, he must obey unwritten laws. The average Hindu obeys because his religion demands obedience. He believes that God made the unwritten rules. He is sure that his next life will be better if he obeys the caste rules in this one.

There are many, many caste rules in India. High-caste people are not supposed

Perhaps as the result of an old caste rule, ear-cleaning is a business in parts of Asia.



to eat, smoke, or drink with members of the lowest castes. A lower-caste person may not be allowed to touch a person of a caste above him. In some places, members of one caste must stand a certain distance away from members of another caste. Signals are often used to warn higher-caste people that they are coming too close.

In one part of India, members of a certain caste clean their teeth with nine-inch sticks. Persons from another group use sticks of six inches. Still others must use three-inch sticks. In many parts of India,

low-caste persons can offer water to higher-caste persons only in brass pots.

A high-caste person cannot become a butcher or a barber. He is not even allowed to cut his own hair or his own fingernails. He must not even clean his own ears!

Some people must wash before sunrise. Others must stand up when higher-caste people walk by.

It is felt that every caste should have its own shrine or temple. In one Indian village of fewer than a thousand people, there are forty-four shrines and temples!

Which?

1. How many villages are there in India?
(a) about 5,000 (b) about 50,000 (c) about 500,000
2. Shanta's husband is
(a) dead. (b) serving in the army. (c) not accounted for in the story.
3. If it takes Shanta half an hour to do the work for one family, she must work about
(a) four hours a day. (b) fifteen hours a day. (c) eight and a half hours a day.
4. In Jammu, crops are harvested
(a) during the heaviest rains. (b) before and after the hot seasons. (c) by untouchables.
5. The strike led by Shanta proved that
(a) the untouchables could better themselves if they tried. (b) untouchables are very important to India. (c) God wants the untouchables to obey caste rules.
6. In the sentence "The problems multiply," the word *multiply* carries the feeling that
(a) one kind of trouble leads to another. (b) the untouchables know how to do arithmetic. (c) things are going on much as usual.

Why?

1. Shanta suddenly decided to break caste rules because
(a) the heat had made her cross. (b) her children were almost starving. (c) she wanted to escape.
2. The strike was finally broken because
(a) the rainy season started. (b) Hindu priests forced the untouchables back to work. (c) the untouchables could no longer live.
3. Discrimination against untouchables is now against the law, but it still goes on because
(a) many Hindus believe God wants it to. (b) the untouchables refuse to better themselves. (c) the people of India have no respect for law.
4. Even a small village may have dozens of temples because
(a) each family has one. (b) a different one is used each week. (c) each caste must have its own.
5. Most people are careful to stay in good standing in their caste because
(a) every person prefers his own group to any other. (b) if they are forced out, they have nowhere to go. (c) that is the only way to get raises in pay.

What do you think?

1. What are some of the unwritten rules that govern our lives in this country? How are they like the caste rules of India? How are they different?
2. What are some of the different groups, or "classes," in our country? What is the main difference between a "class," as we know it, and a caste?
3. What are some of the ways in which you might be able to tell to which caste an Indian belongs? Are there any ways to tell to which "class" an American belongs?
4. In India, which group is assigned to clean up the garbage? Why? In some American cities, certain groups try to keep all the garbage-collection jobs for themselves. Why? What do these two situations tell you about a basic difference between life here and in India?
5. Is it right or wrong for the Indians to have caste rules? How do you define "right" and "wrong"? Is it right or wrong for the United States to have the kind of "classes" we have? How about separate groups in a school?
6. What might be some possible effects of dividing the people of any country into definite, separate groups?

This is part of an interview with a woman of present-day India.

I don't know my age. I don't know how to read or write. I was born at Kurili, fifteen miles from here. We were rich, but my mother was very strict. She never stopped working. When I was four, I began to take care of my two little brothers.

One day—I was almost nine years old—Mother called me into the room. Four men had come to look at me. I didn't see them because I kept looking at the floor. They asked my name, and then they went away. Then my mother said to me, "You are so lucky, Satya. It's the first time that anyone has come to look at you, and you have been accepted for marriage."

On my wedding day, when I saw my husband for the first time, I thought: "He is a good man. I have fallen into good hands." He was just thirteen. After we were married, I didn't have the right to talk to him or play with him. I lived in the kitchen with my mother-in-law. She liked me and did not give me too much work to do. A little while afterwards, the plague came. My mother-in-law died.

Not long afterwards, I menstruated for the first time. Since my mother-in-law was dead, my neighbor explained to me what I had to do. I had to go and join my husband.

I did everything in the house, even when I was pregnant. When my first baby was born, about fifty women came to sing lullabies. Five times we picked up the baby. Five times we put him back again on his cloth. Each time we repeated his name, Krishna. Then we changed his name to Vitthata. My father-in-law was very happy to have a grandson. When you have a daughter, you have to give her a dowry.

As soon as I had two or three children, we began to feel a lack of money. My husband didn't know how to do a thing. Soon I didn't know how I was going to feed my children. Every two years another one was born. I thought it was the will of God.



Gifts of jewelry given to a bride by her family become her most prized possessions.

I had to accept the idea of selling my jewels. Even my big gold bracelets and my necklace with the twenty-five coins. I still cry when I think about it. My father gave me those jewels when I was married. I loved them as I loved my family.

In those days I had five little boys, a daughter of twelve, and Vitthata, who was almost fifteen. Life was hard without a daughter-in-law in the house.

One day my husband said, "Let us find a wife for Vitthata. That way, you'll have a girl to help you in the kitchen."

The wedding was held two weeks later. It lasted three days. Yes, that's probably the best memory of my life. I finally had a daughter-in-law to help me at home.

I don't know how to read, and I was really surprised when I was elected to the municipal council. I go to the meetings every two weeks with a neighbor. She is the wife of a restaurant owner. We sit a little to one side, and we don't move. The men sit around a big table. They talk about where they are going to put street lights and water taps. We never say anything.

About twice a year I go with my husband to Poona. It is a big city. There is a cinema there, but I have never been to it. I buy saris for my daughter-in-law. I choose the color and the quality myself. I don't like to be away, because you have to watch the work and give orders.

I still get up at five in the morning. I sleep on the floor in the big room with my husband. My sons Pandit and Anna, my daughter Anusaya, her daughter, and Datta's son sleep there, too. The young couples sleep in the attic.

Has my life been happy? For a few years we were hungry, but now things are better. Have I had a good husband? It was my parents who arranged the marriage. When a marriage has been made, you must be happy with your husband. Mine has all the authority in the house. He speaks very little. He has never given me a present. But everyone obeys him. The father is as good as God in the home.



The Women of Asia

In many Asian countries, a wife is almost like a servant to her husband. Until about a hundred years ago, she followed him even into death.

This was written by a visitor to India in the 1700's.

We were walking along the river in Calcutta. There we saw a fire being prepared. Bodies of the dead were placed in such fires along the banks of the river. The ashes would be carefully gathered and then sent drifting down the river. A small crowd of people gathered around a woman about 30 years old. This woman was the wife of the dead man. She neared the pile of straw and sticks. Here lay her dead husband. With a steady hand, she held a lighted stick to the straw under him. Then she lay down next to his body, placing one arm gently under his head. All the while, she spoke with those who had gathered around the fire. Even when the flames seemed to cover her whole body, she still spoke to those near her. She never once cried out or groaned. Within a few minutes she had joined her husband in death.

The custom of dying on a dead husband's funeral fire is called *suttee*. Many women of India followed it by their own choice. They were not forced to do so.

Sometimes, instead of being burned to death, a widow would climb into her husband's grave. She would have herself buried alive. This was thought of as an-

other final way of honoring and serving her husband.

Today, any form of *suttee* is against the law. An Asian wife, however, is expected to honor and obey her husband during his life. Marriage in Asia is far less likely to be an equal partnership than marriage in the United States. An American wife shares joys and duties with her husband. If he behaved as an Asian husband is expected to behave, she could easily divorce him.

An Asian husband on his way home from work may stop at a fancy Japanese bar. If he decides to spend the night with a bar girl, his wife does not complain. In fact, she may pay his bar (and hostess) charges along with the other household bills.

In Pakistan a man can get rid of an aging wife very simply. All he has to do is say "I divorce thee" three times. The wife has nothing to say about it.

In Japan a wife is expected to obey both her husband and her mother-in-law. In fights between a wife and her mother-in-law, the husband often takes his mother's side. His wife is not supposed to show anger when he does so.

People in different parts of the world have different ways of living. Who can say that one way is truly better for the women than another?



This print of a Hindu widow preparing to follow her husband in death was published in 1813.

Which?

1. When Satya was four years old, she
(a) went to work in Kurili. (b) got married. (c) began taking care of two younger children.
2. When Satya was almost nine, her mother told her
(a) to go out and get a job. (b) she had been accepted for marriage. (c) it was time to learn to read.
3. On her wedding day, Satya
(a) cried because she had to marry an old man. (b) saw her husband for the first time. (c) refused to go through with the marriage.
4. When the family needed money, Satya
(a) went looking for a rich girl for her son to marry. (b) had to sell the jewels her father had given her. (c) did housework for other families.
5. It is clear from the interview that a woman in Satya's position is
(a) the head of the family. (b) spoiled by her husband. (c) not thought of as very important.

Why?

1. The women of India sometimes joined their husbands in death because
(a) the law said that women of certain castes must do so. (b) otherwise they would be killed by their own children. (c) it was thought of as a final act of service.
2. Marriage in the United States is different from marriage in Asia because
(a) women are more highly honored in North America. (b) every Asian man has at least five wives. (c) women in Asia are the only breadwinners in the family.
3. One reason Asian women do not seem to mind being treated as inferiors may be that
(a) they know they are not as smart as men. (b) they are so used to it. (c) inferiors are not expected to do any work.
4. Asian women often welcome daughters-in-law or even additional wives because
(a) they need help with the housework. (b) daughters-in-law and extra wives pay room and board. (c) when her son or husband takes a new bride, the first wife gets a bonus.
5. Satya's father-in-law was glad his grandchild was a boy because
(a) only boys can pray for the souls of their forebears. (b) he needed help in the fields. (c) when a boy and girl marry, the girl's family has to pay a dowry.

What do you think?

1. What were some of the things that determined what Satya's life would be like? Could Satya have done anything to make her life different? Should she have tried?
2. Are there things in our society that determine what kind of lives we will lead? Do we have anything to say about what happens to us? Should we try to be "masters of our fate"?
3. Does Satya's life seem to be a good life? Why or why not? Is it reasonable to find fault with other people's ways of living?
4. Does the life led by the ordinary American suburban housewife seem to be a good life? Why or why not?
5. Would Satya and an American housewife be likely to agree on a list of things that make life "good"? Why or why not?
6. Does the society he lives in affect a person's life? If so, how may this have come about? What is a society in this sense? Can or should some people bring about changes in their society?

The Crime of Pao-yu

Study 3

"What are you running like a wild horse for?" Chia Cheng had caught the small boy by one arm. "Aren't you supposed to be in school?"

Chia Huan was shaking with fear. He answered his father in a frightened whisper. "I did not mean to run. But the body in the well! The face and the body were all swelled up! I could not look. I ran away from the well as fast as I could."

"What? What? What body is in the well?"

Chia Huan looked down, twisting his hands. Then he spoke again, but still in a whisper. "It is Golden Bracelet, the maid in grandmother's room. Cousin Liu says it is the fault of my brother, Pao-yu. Pao-yu attacked Golden Bracelet. She fought him off. He tortured her. Then she drowned herself in the well. I do not know if this is true. My cousin told me. But the girl is in the well."

"Seize Pao-yu! Bring him to me at once!" thundered Chia Cheng. His face was pale with anger.

Chia Cheng had been angry many times before with his first-born son. Always before, someone had protected the boy. But this time no one spoke. Everyone present knew that this time Pao-yu had gone too far. One by one, they moved away in silence.

Pao-yu was pacing the front hall. "Take a message to my grandmother for me," the young man said to his servants. But they faded into the shadows of the hall, as if they had not heard him.

At last an old maid-servant came limping in. She had no idea what was going on. Pao-yu caught her by the arm.

"Father is going to beat me up," he whispered fiercely. "Go in and tell Mother or Grandmother. Hurry! Hurry, or it will be too late."

The old woman gazed at him with wide eyes. She was hard of hearing and had not understood his whispering. Before he had a chance to repeat his words, Pao-yu was led away.

In the study, Chia Cheng's rage mounted at the sight of his son. "Gag him!" he shouted. "Beat him to death!"

Chia Cheng's men moved silently to obey him. They tied Pao-yu's lean young body full-length to a narrow bench. A cloth tight around his mouth kept him from screaming. One man stepped forward with a bamboo rod and began to beat the boy.

Chia Cheng watched for a moment, breathing heavily. Then he charged forward, pushing the man aside. Taking the stick into his own hands, Chia Cheng brought it down on his son's back.

At first the boy writhed in pain beneath the blows. Then he lay still. Two of the servants moved forward to untie the cords.

"Back! Back!" Chia Cheng roared at them. "You cannot help him now. It is you who have spoiled him. All of you share the blame for his sin. Every one of you should be beaten!"

The men backed away in terror. One of them slipped out of the study. He managed to get a message to the mother of Pao-yu.

As his wife appeared in the doorway, Chia Cheng was about to strike the boy again. But the woman rushed forward, stopping the blow with her arms. She was pale and shaking, but she spoke quietly.

"The boy deserves to be punished," she said to her husband. "His crime was great. But you have punished him. Now you must think of yourself. You are too upset. You are harming your health. Save your strength, I beg of you."

Chia Cheng smiled coldly. "I, too, deserve to be punished. I am guilty of giving life to this boy who is no better than a beast. The least I can do is take away that life before he goes on to even greater evils."

Once more Chia Cheng raised the heavy rod. Once more his wife caught at his arm. "It is Chia Cheng's duty as a father to punish his son," she cried. "But what of the wife of Chia Cheng, the mother of his son? To kill Pao-yu is to sentence me to death as well." Kneeling beside the bench, she put her head on the boy's still form and wept.

Chia Cheng sighed deeply. Sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands. Suddenly a woman's thin, high voice was heard outside the door. "Kill me first! Then you can kill him!"

Chia Cheng had leaped to his feet at the first word. He rushed outside to meet his aged mother.

The old lady, leaning on the arm of a servant, greeted him bitterly. "I have many things to say," she told him. "But what good would it do? I have no son who will listen and obey me."

Chia Cheng was deeply hurt, both by the words and by his mother's tone. He fell on his knees before her. "Forgive me!" he cried. "I did what I thought was right. I punished Pao-yu for the honor of the family."

The old lady was silent. Slowly Chia Cheng's eyes traveled upward to her lined but still lovely face. He tried to smile. "Do not be angry, Mother," he begged softly. "It is all the fault of your foolish son. He could not keep his temper. But this is the last time. He will never again lay hands upon your grandson."

"Beat him if you like," said the grandmother. She turned away coldly. "That is your privilege, since he is your son." Nodding at the servant beside her, she said shortly, "Take me to him."

Chia Cheng followed silently as his mother entered the study. Pao-yu lay there still, his face pale, his breathing faint. Blue and purple bruises showed through his bloody clothing. Only now did the aged lady lose her icy calm. Bending over the body of the boy, she burst into noisy weeping. It was some time before she quieted.

At last she turned to Chia Cheng, still cowering in the background. "Of course a son must be punished for doing wrong," she said coldly. "But a father should know when to stop." With a movement of her hand, she dismissed him. "Leave now. You have done enough. Must you stay here till he dies?"

On the last word, her thin voice broke. Chia Cheng, his head bowed, slowly left the room.

This stone carving shows a son so devoted to his dead parent that he refuses to leave the grave, even though neighbors have run to tell him his house is on fire.



Father and Son

The great Chinese philosopher Kung Fu-tze (the world knows him as Confucius) had ideas on many subjects. One thing he believed was that there were five important relationships in life. One was between the ruler and the ruled. The next most important, he felt, was that between father and son.

In China, everything depended on the family. The power of the family was handed down from father to son. For that reason, ties between father and son were more important than those between husband and wife.

Confucius said that both father and

son should act in certain ways. The father should be strict, but loving. The son should look up to his father and be devoted to him.

To the Chinese, the word of Confucius was very close to law. His ideas were put into practice, not just talked about. It did sometimes happen, however, that sons were expected to follow the rules more closely than their fathers did. Even if a father was unfair, his son was supposed to obey him. Though the father failed to be loving, as Confucius directed, that did not excuse the son. A son was expected to love his father during life and mourn him

Confucius, the great wise man of China, was born about 500 years before the birth of Christ.



after death. Even the death of a cruel father had to be mourned for three years.

In most Chinese families, the rules of Confucius worked well. Children generally were treated well and warmly. But here and there, there was a father like Chia Cheng. Such fathers paid attention to only part of what Confucius said. They knew it was necessary to teach children to obey. Only in that way could the young learn

certain important values. Confucius said that fathers must be strict, but some fathers went beyond that rule. They sometimes punished their sons cruelly, in the name of honor and justice. Perhaps many of them really believed they had to do so. Perhaps they believed it was the only way to make a boy's mind strong. They may even have believed that punishing a child was the way to win his respect.

Which?

1. Chia Cheng punished his son after
(a) hearing that the boy had done something wrong. (b) seeing the boy commit a crime.
(c) checking on a report he had heard.
2. Chia Cheng and his son seem to have
(a) loved and respected each other. (b) understood each other very well. (c) had a relationship based mostly on fear and anger.
3. When Pao-yu was brought before his father, he
(a) tried to reason with Chia Cheng. (b) tried to run away. (c) took his beating without question.
4. Even though Chia Cheng was the head of his house,
(a) he feared his oldest son. (b) his mother's good opinion was very important to him. (c) the servants never obeyed him.
5. To Chia Cheng, the worst thing about Pao-yu's crime was that it had
(a) caused the death of another person. (b) brought shame on the family. (c) been against the grandmother's servant.
6. The wife of Chia Cheng
(a) tried to reason with him. (b) was afraid to say a word to him. (c) said she would divorce him if the boy were hurt.

Why?

1. The father-son relationship was highly important because
 - (a) the family rule passed from father to son. (b) a father could be executed for his son's crimes. (c) fathers and sons lived apart from the other members of the family.
2. Children must be taught to obey because
 - (a) their instincts are evil. (b) it helps them to learn some important values. (c) otherwise they would do nothing right.
3. Sons were expected to obey without question because
 - (a) they had no minds of their own. (b) only girls were permitted to argue with their parents. (c) this helped them to fit into a well-ordered, closely knit society.

What do you think?

1. Did Chia Cheng act in a proper manner when Chia Huan repeated the story Liu had told him? Give reasons for your opinion.
2. Why did Pao-yu want a message sent to his mother or grandmother?
3. In an ordinary American family, would the mother, the father, or both be most likely to decide what kind of punishment was needed?
4. How do American fathers and their teen-age sons generally treat each other? Is their relationship like or unlike that between Chia Cheng and Pao-yu?
5. Confucius mentioned five relationships, but this study mentions only two. What might the other three have been?
6. After reading "The Crime of Pao-yu," would you agree with Confucius that the father-son relationship is second only to that of emperor and subject? How about a mother's role?
7. What may be a reason that the philosopher Kung Fu-tze is known in most parts of the world as Confucius?
8. What kinds of things will help you decide how to rear your own children when you have them? Would you like to rear them much as you were reared? Why or why not?

Americans have recently begun to use the word “soul” to mean a beauty beyond beauty. The Japanese have had words like that for hundreds of years. One such Japanese word is *kitachi*. That means the inner being, the life force of the thing being admired. In that sense, a Japanese might speak of the “soul” of a piece of music. He might feel close to the “soul” of a flower, a stone, or a length of lovely silk. When something within the person reaches out to meet something within the object, that is *kitachi*.

Another such Japanese word is *shibui*. To say that a thing is *shibui* is to praise its beauty in the highest terms. But the word can be used only for things that have more than beauty.

Americans use “soul” without really having spelled out its meaning. The Japanese, for some two thousand years, have been spelling out the meaning of *shibui*. It is a word that may have to do with shape or sound or color. The way a person speaks or moves, the way food looks or tastes, may be *shibui*. So may be the feel of wood or stone beneath the fingers. Here are some of the tests that must be passed to earn the term *shibui*.

1. The thing in question must be simple. It must never be cluttered, or what Americans call “busy.”
2. It must have deep inner meaning. A great Chinese writer, Lao Tse, called this “the beauty of blackness.” He found it even in such things as the space within a teacup. Others might hear it in the after-sound of a drum or bell. A painter might sense it in the blank spaces of his painting. The part of a rock the artist has *not* carved might have it, too.
3. It must be humble. That is to say, it should give no sense of pushing forward, of fighting for attention. The beauty is there, but it must be looked for. People who are not truly interested may never find it.
4. It must have a kind of inner peace, or silence. Nothing loud or hurrying could ever be *shibui*.

5. It must be natural. In a sense, it must seem to have been born, not made. It should, in a way, just happen. The Japanese feel deeply about this. That is why the wood in their houses is often unfinished lumber. They don't mind rust, if the rust just happens. Even rust might be *shibui*. But a coat of paint, to keep the rust away, would not be.

6. It may be very commonplace. A tool or a teapot, if it passes the other tests, could certainly be *shibui*. Even the glow of health may be *shibui*.

7. It should be not quite perfect, not quite "square" or "straight." The Japanese like many things in a rough, coarse state. Dishes must be glazed to make them last longer and be more useful. But a place at the bottom of each dish may be left without glaze. That small rough place makes the dish much more admired. The most admired colors are not quite pure. They tend to blur together, or be shaded. Even new things should not look new. New things are seldom *shibui*. Nothing slick or shiny could ever be *shibui*. There may be one bright spot against a dark background, however, just for contrast.

8. One test is a part of all the others. Does the thing in question have freedom? Does it have the freedom to leave something not quite said? To the Japanese, it is insulting to leave nothing to the imagination.

All these things are part of what the Japanese mean when they say *shibui*.

*Look closely at this
quiet corner of a
Japanese garden.
What are some of
the things that
make it a good
example of what the
Japanese mean
when they say shibui?*

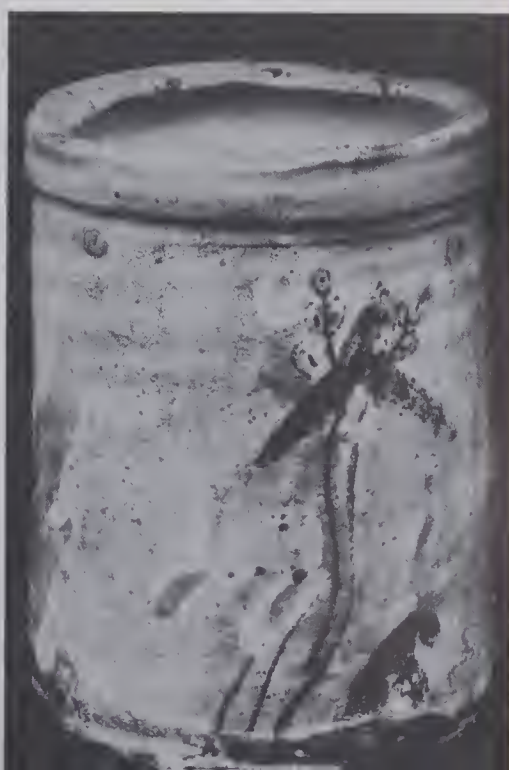




Note how the arrangement of bricks, the use of wood, even the placement of supports, each plays an important part in the harmony of the whole. Harmony is an important shibui quality.



The detail of the doors shown above points up the care with which they were designed. Only careful study could have produced the unstudied shibui effect.



The stepping stones in the pool at these Kyoto gardens are often photographed as an example of shibui. What are some of the things in the picture that help to produce the shibui effect?

This water jar, faintly decorated with a hint of flowers and grasses, dates from the late 16th century. How many of the shibui tests, if any, would you say it passes?

Entirely different from shibui is the kind of beauty the Japanese call hade. Brightly colored, boldly patterned, it is much in evidence at festivals. A young woman may choose a hade kimono for festival or evening wear.



There is another kind of beauty, called by the Japanese jimi.

It is likely to be rather dull, with a regular, repeated pattern. It is said that some Japanese try to look shibui, but turn out to look jimi. They "get the words right, but not the tune." This gardener's sombre clothes are jimi.



The Japanese word for what Americans might call chic, smart, or fashionable is iki. Actresses, geisha girls, and well-to-do young socialites pride themselves on wearing iki clothes and iki hair styles.

Most Japanese would agree that the girl shown wearing Western dress presents an example of jimi. How would you classify the models she is looking at?





Both jimi and shibui are represented in this picture. In your opinion, which things are which?

Which?

1. Which of the following English words is closest in meaning to *shibui*?
(a) beauty (b) blackness (c) soul
2. To be *shibui*, a work of art must
(a) cost a great deal. (b) be very old. (c) have more than beauty.
3. When Lao Tse used the words “beauty of blackness,” he meant
(a) black is beautiful. (b) a deep inner meaning. (c) at night all cats are gray.
4. The word *kitachi* refers to
(a) a feeling one might have about a certain piece of music. (b) a certain kind of music played on Chinese drums. (c) a small stove for cooking things at the table.

Why?

1. *Shibui* may be easier to understand than “soul” because
(a) almost everything we see is *shibui*. (b) the Japanese have spelled out its meaning. (c) there is no such thing as “soul.”
2. The Japanese often use rough wood in their houses because
(a) finished lumber costs too much. (b) rough wood keeps out insects. (c) they like its natural beauty.
3. A Japanese dish-maker may leave part of each dish without glaze because
(a) he wants the natural beauty to show. (b) he does not have a machine to spread the glaze evenly. (c) it is very hard to see in the dim rooms of Japanese factories.
4. The kind of beauty called *hade* is different from *shibui* because *hade*
(a) has bold patterns and is brightly colored. (b) cannot be shown in pictures. (c) is found only in certain kinds of food.

What do you think?

1. Does the fact that the Japanese admire *shibui* give you any idea as to what they may be like as people? How may their interest in *shibui* affect their way of living?
2. Would you guess that it is the young or the old Japanese who are more interested in *shibui*? In the United States, what groups are most interested in “soul”?
3. From what you have read, do you or do you not agree that *kitachi*, *shibui*, and “soul” have related meanings? Give reasons for your opinion.
4. What kind of beauty (*shibui*, *jimi*, *iki*, or *hade*) do you see most in your school or neighborhood? Which do you find the most satisfying?
5. What are some things in the United States that are said to have “soul”? Which of them, if any, also have *shibui*? How many things can you name that have *shibui*? Do they also have “soul”? Is “soul” or *shibui* the larger term?
6. Could a temporary fad have “soul”? Could it be *shibui*? On what do you base your opinions?
7. As Japan becomes more and more Westernized, is there likely to be more or less interest in things that are *shibui*? Give reasons for your opinion.

A Lucky Person

Study 5

The whispers went the rounds of the village. “Last night Old Liang was murdered! He was on his way back to Wu-ling with all the tax money. He is dead. The money is gone.”

Few of the close-to-starving peasants could find it in their hearts to mourn the tax collector. “He was a leech,” they muttered. “He sucked the lifeblood of the people.”

Still, there had been a murder. For every murder, a murderer had to be found. The police in the village arrested a suspect.

“It is Ching Tso-lin again,” the villagers told one another. “That boy is always in trouble.”

Only the schoolmaster spoke up for him. “Ching is always being blamed,” he said. “He gets blamed because he is a rebel. He makes fun of the police and our dishonest officials. No crime has ever been proved against him. But the police keep trying. He is a handy whipping boy.”

It was true. Every few weeks Ching Tso-lin was taken to jail. Had someone put up posters attacking the government? Arrest Ching. Did some of the food, ordered for a party to be given for a visiting official, disappear? Ching must have taken it. Nothing was ever proved. The boy would be thrown into jail for a few days. Sometimes he was beaten. But soon the jail guards, perhaps tired of the tricks he played on them, would let him go.

This time it was different. Old Liang had been an important person. Someone had to be punished for his death.

No one really knew how the old man had died. He had just been found by the roadside one morning. The police had not even seen the body. Members of Liang’s family had come and carried it away before the police arrived. The tax money was nowhere to be found. But the police found a man who said he had seen Ching on the road that night. So Ching was dragged from his home, half asleep. He was thrown into a tiny, dark, cold cell.

For a whole month he stayed there. He was not taken into court. No

lawyer came to see him. His guards refused to talk to him. Day after day went by. Ching's eighteenth birthday came and went. No one visited him.

At last one day, blinking in the daylight, he was hauled from his cell. "Why am I here?" he asked the guards who had come to get him.

"Because you killed a poor old man and took the tax money," he was told.

Ching snorted. "Poor old man! Old Liang? He was a thief! He stole from the poor, in the name of the Emperor. He deserved to die. I didn't kill him. But I would have liked the honor!"

At that, the guards began to beat him. Again and again, the inch-thick bamboo rods rained blows upon his body. Then, weak and bleeding from his wounds, he was dragged before a judge.

"On your knees!" screamed a guard. "Get on your knees and bow before the judge."

But Ching could not rise to his knees. He lay helpless on the floor. Once more, the guards began to beat him with their bamboo poles.

"Stop!" shouted the judge. "Don't kill the worm. He must live long enough to confess the murder."

Ching was silent. The judge screamed insults at him. "Confess!" he shouted, again and again.

At last, growing hoarse, the judge turned to the guards. "This killer refuses to talk. Bring the ankle-squeezers and the thumbscrews."

The guards leaped forward, eager for the task. They put the torture tools to work. In horrible pain, the boy still shook his head. He would not say he had killed Old Liang.

When he had almost stopped breathing, the judge waved a richly ringed hand toward the guards. Ching was dragged back to his cell. The first stage of his trial was over.

The boy was taken back to court the next morning. But this time the judge seemed almost friendly. He spoke quietly. "Ching," he said, in a man-to-man sort of way, "we are reasonable people. We do not like violence. Do not force us to use it. Simply tell us you killed Liang. The law will be less hard on you if you tell the truth."

The boy shook his head slowly. "That would not be the truth. I cannot say I did something I did not do."

There was silence for a few seconds. Then Ching suddenly threw

himself at the judge's feet. Bowing and scraping his forehead, he begged for justice. "I did not kill!" he said, again and again. "I know nothing of this murder."

"The village leaders would not lie." The judge's voice was cold. "They say you did it."

"Who are these leaders? What are their names? Who says he saw me do this thing?"

"That is none of your business!" By now the judge was screaming. "You did kill Liang. The sooner you say so, the better it will be for you."

"I didn't, I didn't," moaned Ching. But the judge was not listening. He had waved the guards forward. "Do your work," he said to them. "But do not kill him. If you see that he is about to die, stop the torture. But go back to it soon again. This animal must be made to confess!"

All night long, Ching's screams ripped the darkness. At daybreak he whispered brokenly, "All right. I did it."

Proudly the guards dragged the almost lifeless body back to court. The judge had to bend low to hear the words repeated.

"And what about the tax money?" he said then. "Did you take that, too?"

"Yes, yes," moaned Ching, dizzy with suffering.

"Fine!" said the judge. He straightened up, looking pleased with himself. "Take him back to his cell," he told the guards. "You did your work well."

Much later (he had lost track of time), Ching was led before the judge once more. Scars covered the boy's body. His hands and feet were twisted out of shape. Lying in the cold, damp cell had given him a rack-ing cough. Still in his teens, he looked like an old man.

"Will they put me to death now?" the boy thought dully. "Why has it taken them so long?"

But today the judge looked at him gravely. "You are a lucky person, Ching Tso-lin," he said. "Yesterday the police caught a robber. In the bottom of his sack, they found some clothing. It had belonged to Old Liang. The robber confessed. He killed Old Liang. The case is closed. You are free to go. Good-by, Ching Tso-lin. Obey the law."

Ching, hardly understanding what was happening, bowed low before the judge. Then, with the help of a guard, he tottered slowly from the room.

Law in Old China

In Old China, “law and order” meant something quite different from our idea of justice under law. People were often kept in jail for days or weeks without being told why. When they were brought to court, they were screamed at and insulted by the judge. Many of them, like Ching Tso-lin, were tortured. Most were found guilty. When that happened, they were punished publicly and cruelly.

Chinese rulers believed that it was good for people to see lawbreakers being killed or cruelly punished. “That will keep the rest of them honest,” they reasoned. The town or village market place was used as a kind of theater for these grisly “warnings.”

The rulers may have thought they were doing a good job for “law and order.”

The people generally, however, had little use for law and the courts. If they did something wrong, it was often because they were hungry. Seeing other people punished did not ease their hunger. It did not keep them from stealing.

The officials, who got fat on the people’s hunger, were not likely to be charged with stealing. The people watched them “getting away with murder.” The sight did nothing to make people think highly of the courts.

It was not often that a common person reported another to the police. They tried, instead, to settle things peacefully among themselves. Almost anything was better, they thought, than the kind of law and order visited on Ching.

Which?

1. All through his arrest and trial, Ching was
(a) helped by a lawyer. (b) informed of his rights. (c) treated as though he had no rights.
2. While he was being tried, Ching
(a) was allowed to question his accusers. (b) heard his accusers testify against him. (c) was never told the name of his accusers.
3. After discovering that a mistake had been made, the judge
(a) told Ching he was lucky. (b) arranged for Ching to be paid for his pain and suffering. (c) killed himself.

Why?

1. Ching Tso-lin was put into jail because
(a) he was known to be a troublemaker. (b) the police had proof that he murdered Liang.
(c) he confessed to murder.
2. People who committed crimes often did so because
(a) they had nothing else to do. (b) they were hungry. (c) Chinese are generally bloodthirsty.
3. Chinese rulers favored public punishment because
(a) it cost less than putting on plays. (b) they thought it would prevent crime. (c) there were no jails in China.
4. One reason most people did not think highly of the courts was that
(a) dishonest officials were not often punished. (b) the judge kept all the fines for himself.
(c) the same people were both guards and judges.

What do you think?

1. Could a boy in this country be treated as Ching Tso-lin was? Give reasons for your opinion.
2. What are some of the ways in which American police try to track down lawbreakers? Do their methods help or hinder the cause of justice?
3. What are some of the differences between courts in the United States and in Old China?
4. Do you think the judge had a right to order Ching to be tortured? Would your opinion be the same if Ching had been guilty? Give reasons for your answers.
5. Were the Chinese probably right or probably wrong in thinking that public punishment or death would help to prevent crime? What seems to be the American view of the death penalty? What is yours? What are some of the factors to be considered in deciding how the death penalty affects the crime rate?
6. Which is more important—to be sure that no criminal goes unpunished, or that no innocent man is ever convicted? Is it possible to accomplish both goals?
7. Were all people equal before the law in Old China? Support your statement. Does everyone in the United States get equal treatment from the courts? Explain your answer.

Three: Changing Patterns



The Last Samurai

Study 1

Fujiro Ohashi was a navy officer in World War II. His bravery and his skill at handling planes were both well known. For years he had been a daring stunt flyer. He was also the first Japanese pilot to make a blind landing on an aircraft carrier at night. Fujiro was made a captain. He was well on his way to becoming an admiral when the war ended.

What happens to a hero when the war is over? A great fighter pilot may not be a great salesman or a good businessman. Captain Ohashi lost one job after another. He had trouble feeding his young wife and their four children.

At last he got a steady job as a night watchman at a warehouse. Life became fairly comfortable. The family lived in a very small house, but it was close to Tokyo. There were many things to see and do in that crowded city.

The captain and his wife, En, managed to get to three Japanese plays a year. These were the old plays that Japanese actors had been doing for hundreds of years. The Ohashi family also liked to go to festivals, of which there are dozens in Japan. They liked sports, too. Sometimes they took the children and went fishing. Twice a week En and Fujiro and a few neighbors went to the public baths. There everyone, men and women alike, soaked their naked bodies for two hours. The water was always hot and steaming, just the way the bathers liked it. Afterwards, Fujiro liked to go home, have a little rice wine, and watch TV. He liked it best when the *sumo*, or wrestling, matches were on.

What the Ohashi family did for entertainment depended somewhat on the season. Early in the summer, there were insect parties. To these, everyone brought pet grasshoppers or crickets in little bamboo cages. The high point of the party was the moment when all the cages were opened. The air was filled with buzzing and whirring and chirping. All the people listened carefully until every sound had stopped.

Moon-viewing parties were held when the August moon was full. At these parties, each guest read a poem he had written. Sometimes people

went together to look silently at something beautiful. It might be a mountain, a garden, or a certain kind of flower. Cherry blossoms were viewed in the spring, chrysanthemums in the fall. In winter a group of people might go to look at the snow-covered branches of pine trees.

All year round, Ohashi enjoyed visiting old navy friends. Sometimes they had incense-smelling parties, where several kinds of incense were burned. Or the men might spend some hours playing *go*. *Go* is something like a checker game. It is much harder to play than checkers, though.

The Japanese have enjoyed *sumo*, *go*, viewing parties, and all the rest for hundreds of years. Captain Ohashi felt comfortable with the old ways. He knew that times were changing, but he felt no need to change. He went about his job as night watchman as he had done his navy job. He thought of himself as a Samurai, "one who serves." The Samurai warriors of old were proud of their loyalty, obedience, and honor. Captain Ohashi was proud to follow in their footsteps.

One night when he reached the warehouse, he noticed that something was different. Hundreds of drums, filled with a dangerous chemical, had been moved in and stored.

Ohashi worried about those drums all night. The next morning he reported the danger, but nothing was done. Two days later he brought up the matter again. "These chemicals could blow up the whole place," he said. But no one listened.

Two days after that, a small fire broke out in the warehouse. Firemen were called to put it out. No one told them about the loaded drums. Suddenly the drums began to explode. Great rolls of fire swept over the firemen and the crowd watching them. Within an hour, nineteen men had lost their lives. Many people had jumped into the bay to save themselves. More than 150 fire engines and 7 fireboats were needed to control the flames. The warehouse company was blamed by all of Tokyo.

Another person in Captain Ohashi's place would have said, "I told you so." But Captain Ohashi was a Samurai. "It is all my fault," he said to himself. "I have failed the company. I should have made them listen to my warning. It was my duty to protect the company honor."

For days he brooded about the fire. Then he wrote a note to the company. "I am ashamed," he wrote. "I pay for my shame with my life."

Then, quietly, he spread a sheet of plastic over the straw rug in his home. Leaving the letter in clear view, he kneeled on the sheet, his old navy knife in one hand. Slowly and carefully, he forced the knife deep into his stomach.

Mrs. Ohashi found him a few hours later. There was a faint smile on his face.

"He was a true Samurai," said his friends. "He died smiling, because he had saved the honor of his employer."

Dressed like one of his Samurai ancestors, this present-day Japanese is ready to go to a festival.



Son of the Samurai

Captain Ohashi had been born at the turn of the century. Everything was different in those days. About four out of every five Japanese lived or worked on farms. Today most of them live and work in cities.

Almost everything about Japanese living changed during Captain Ohashi's lifetime. His children are part of the new Japan. Fumio, the youngest, is eighteen now. He still lives at home. Like his father, he enjoys watching the *sumo* matches on TV. Indeed, his two great heroes are Abraham Lincoln and a *sumo* star named Taiho. But Fumio has other favorite programs. Most of them have to do with American music—rock, folk, or soul.

Fumio has never gone out of his way to see a cherry blossom, or a pine branch covered with snow. He likes mountains, but only for skiing. And so far he hasn't had enough money for skiing lessons. He does play volleyball, though, and wishes he were good enough to play on Japan's Olympic team. Another of his dreams is to own a motorcycle. He is trying to save up enough money for a used 125-cc. Honda. In the meantime, his greatest interest is in going out with his girl friend.

Fumio's Tokyo is different from the Tokyo his father knew. Already the largest city in the world, it still gains some 300,000 people a year. There are about 2 million students in Tokyo, and about

36,000 policemen. There are always thousands of visitors, too, both from other parts of Japan and from other countries. There are about 40,000 restaurants to serve them.

Tokyo has about 60,000 factories. The factories have helped make Japan one of the leading manufacturing countries in the world. It is one of the largest producers of TV sets, radios, cameras, and tape recorders. It also leads most of the world in building ships, cars, and pianos. This is true even though the country has very few raw materials.

One Tokyo market sells about 700 tons of vegetables a day, to more than 100,000 customers. Six million train tickets are sold each day. At rush hour, trains are so crowded that "pushers" and "pullers" are needed. The pusher pushes people onto the train from outside. The pullers work on the inside.

Space of any kind is hard to find in Tokyo. A piece of land 200 feet square costs twice as much as in New York City.

Living in the middle of such hustle and bustle, small wonder that Fumio is not much like his father. Even the food he eats is different. Partly because of that, he is much taller than his father was. And his ideas are different. It seems hardly likely that Fumio will ever kill himself to help save the honor of a company.



This boy and his mother have different tastes in programs, but only one room in which to watch them.

Which?

1. After the war, Captain Ohashi worked for a living as
(a) a night watchman. (b) a fireman. (c) an airplane pilot.
2. Before the big fire, Captain Ohashi
(a) fell asleep. (b) warned of the danger of storing dangerous chemicals. (c) had no way of knowing there was danger.
3. The word *Samurai* means
(a) "protector of Japan." (b) "one who fights." (c) "one who serves."
4. Captain Ohashi felt comfortable with
(a) loaded drums around him at night. (b) old ways of living. (c) his employers.
5. To Captain Ohashi, the most important things in the world were
(a) safe working conditions. (b) his wife and children. (c) loyalty and obedience.

Why?

1. One reason Captain Ohashi found it hard to give up old ways and ideas may have been that
(a) he had always been a stubborn person. (b) so many great changes took place in such a short time. (c) he could not read or write.
2. Fumio does not have a motorcycle because
(a) they are not allowed in Tokyo. (b) he is not old enough to get a license. (c) he has not yet saved up enough money.
3. Fumio likes mountains because
(a) they are good places to have viewing parties. (b) that is where the skiing is. (c) the slopes are covered with pine trees.
4. It is surprising that Japan makes so many things because
(a) the Japanese are very lazy people. (b) most of the raw materials have to come from somewhere else. (c) the cities have no room for any factories.

What do you think?

1. How may the Samurai idea have developed in the first place? What can be said in favor of the idea? What can be said against it?
2. Do American war heroes ever have post-war experiences at all like those Captain Ohashi had? If you had been Captain Ohashi, would you have felt as he did—about your job, your employer, and life in general? Why or why not?
3. What are some of the things your parents do for entertainment that you do not enjoy? What are some of the things you do that, in your parents' view, are just not interesting? Do you think you and your parents should make an effort to enjoy all the same things? Why or why not?
4. What were some of the reasons for the differences between Captain Ohashi's ideas and his son's? What are some of the reasons your ideas differ from those of your parents?
5. What are some effects that the rapid changes in Japan may have on the happiness or well-being of the people who live there?
6. Do there seem to be any important changes taking place in the United States today? If so, how may they affect your life?

A Gallery of Activists

Study 2

In India, as elsewhere in the world, most people see no reason to change old ways. But there, as elsewhere, a few people, often acting alone, have dared to work for changes. Here are word portraits of four such persons who lived in Indian villages. Of the four, only one, Sulli, became well known. None were thanked or honored for their efforts. But each, in his or her own way, helped make life in India a little better.

Sulli was born a Kota. The twelve hundred or so Kotas, all living in seven villages in southern India, were untouchables. They farmed the land. Some of them made or repaired things needed in their villages. Others played music at weddings and funerals. They were allowed to do almost nothing else to earn a living.

Kotas had to get out of the way whenever a higher-caste person came along. Many schools, stores, and restaurants were closed to them. There was a long list of such rules for Kotas to obey. Sulli learned all the rules early. He expected to have to follow them all his life.

It was easy to tell, just by looking at him, that Sulli was a Kota. All Kota boys had long hair. When a boy reached a certain age, his hair was tied up and arranged on the back of his head. The tying was done at a special ceremony. It meant that the boy had become a man.

Not long after his hair was put up, Sulli finished the first stage of school. Then he dropped out. School didn't interest him much. Besides, very few Kotas had gone to school even as long as Sulli had.

One day a few years later Sulli and some of his friends were playing catch. They were using the horn of a young buffalo as a ball. A well-dressed member of the Badaga caste stopped to watch the game. He had gone to lower school with Sulli. Now he was attending a higher one.

Sulli was not at all pleased at the way his friends treated this young man. "What's so great about him?" he asked them later. "You don't have to be all that polite to a person just because he goes to school. He's no better than we are."

Still, the way his friends had behaved started Sulli thinking. He decided to go back to school himself. There was a Christian mission school in the village. It accepted Kotas. Sulli entered it the very next day.

He did not have easy going. He was the only Kota there. Because he was far behind, he had to study with boys who were much younger. Some of the other pupils made fun of him. The father of one of them, a Badaga, shouted at him one day, "Turkeys don't turn into peacocks!" Even Sulli's own father was angry at the boy. "You are a Kota," he said. "You have no business in a Christian school."

But Sulli kept on. When he was twenty-four, he became a teacher—the first Kota ever to do such a thing. But his troubles were not over. The Badagas had him dismissed from his first job. Sulli went to court about it. As it turned out, he and the judge were the only people in court who spoke English. Sulli won his case.

At school, his students liked him. This only made their parents more angry. How could Badaga children like an untouchable? The parents had Sulli moved to a Kota school.

Again he went to court. Again he won. Little by little, even the Badagas began to get used to the idea of having a Kota teacher. But then Sulli upset them all again. He appeared at school one day wearing British clothes. His tweed jacket was well tailored. Under it were a fancy shirt and necktie. Beautiful shoes, long socks, and English walking shorts completed the outfit. This was shocking! No Kota had ever worn such clothes before.

Nor was that the worst. Sulli had cut his hair! This was too much, even for his fellow Kotas. They threw him out of the caste. Other Kotas were supposed to have nothing to do with him. They could not even give him food or water.

Sulli refused to worry. He stayed in the village and went on teaching. After a while, people began to get used to his clothes and his short hair.

So far, so good. But Sulli had more changes in mind. He began to write letters to the government. He wrote that laws were being broken by the upper castes in his village. "It is against the law to refuse service to Kotas," he wrote again and again.

One day an officer of the government arrived in the village. He told the store owners they had to sell goods to Kotas. At first some of them refused. After those few had been taken to court, the others gave in.

After that victory, the younger Kotas, at least, began to admire “The Schoolteacher,” as everyone called him. But then Sulli started finding fault with the Kotas themselves. “Why don’t you live the way everyone else in the village does?” he asked them. “Why should there be just one way for a Kota to dress or wear his hair? Dress any way you like. Cut your hair, if you want to. And why should Kota women have to stay in a separate hut when they are menstruating or bearing children? They are no different from other women. Do not treat them differently.”

Another thing Sulli spoke out against was the sacrifice of cows and buffaloes. For hundreds of years, the Kotas had been killing animals at certain ceremonies. Sulli kept telling them it made no sense.

It took about twenty years for Sulli to get the Kotas to accept some of his ideas. Most of the time they were angry at him. He did not often get angry at them, however. He seemed to understand why it was so hard for them to change old ways. He was very patient, and he never lost his sense of humor.

Few honors came to Sulli in his long and busy life. He was not generally thought of as a hero. But his village is a different place today because of him. Kotas receive more and better schooling than they used to. Many have followed Sulli into teaching. Some are postmen, or have other jobs in government. Most of them have cut their hair. They dress any way they want to, which is generally the way the other villagers do. No public place is closed to them. Few women these days are ever sent to the seclusion huts. Animals are no longer sacrificed.

All in all, life is much better than it used to be. For people like “The Schoolteacher,” that is reward enough.

Asha was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. She had gone to the finest schools. Yet here she was, spending her life in a backward Indian village. Tall and striking in her white sari, she spent each day among the mud huts. In one, she would help a woman giving birth, or care for a sick child. To another, she might bring food for the hungry family. As she worked, she talked. She talked about changes that would improve the village. She tried to show the people how they could bring about such changes. Sometimes they listened. More often they just stared. What was Asha doing there anyway? No decent woman would leave her home and family to work among strangers.

Most suspicious of all were the people of Asha's own class. Even her old friends felt that there must be something wrong with her. Others were sure that living in the rough real world must have somehow soiled her. No man wanted to marry such a woman.

Still Asha went on with her work. She managed to get a group together to work on a water plan. After trying for a year, they were able to get pure water brought into the village. Because of the clean water, sickness in the village was cut down by half.

The villagers were pleased, but few of them thanked Asha. Happily, people like Asha neither ask for nor expect thanks for helping others.

Everyone knew that Gauri was the smartest girl in her village. She won a scholarship to a college in the United States. There, for three years, she lived like any ordinary American college girl. She enjoyed her friends, her classes, and her dates. She fell in love with an American boy. They began to talk about getting married.

Then one day Gauri received a message from her parents. "Come home at once," it read. "We have arranged a marriage for you."

Gauri was heartbroken. She had never even seen the man who was to be her husband. The boy she loved and the girls she lived with all begged her to stay in America. But she went home. Gauri, the college girl, went home to marry a farmer who could barely read or write.

"I have to go," she said. "If I refuse, my parents will be disgraced. What is worse, no other girl will ever be allowed to go away to school. For all those other girls, and for the future of my village, I must go."

The whole village was in an uproar! Sohan, a respected citizen, had done a terrible thing. He had arranged a meeting between his daughter and the man she was going to marry!

This was against all the rules. As Sohan well knew, no man was supposed to see his bride until the wedding day. The aunts, the uncles, the cousins, and the grandparents—all were outraged. Sohan had ruined their good name. For years, they refused to speak to him. Most of the other villagers avoided him, too.

Sohan was lonely. He was hurt by the hate around him. Still he was not sorry for what he had done.

"Someone must be the first to move for change," he said.

The Changing World

Change is everywhere. No caste or country can remain the same forever. The kinds of change, of course, are different from group to group, from country to country. The rates of change, too, are different. Change comes faster when there are people willing to work to bring it about. There seem to be people everywhere who fight to keep things as they are. Whether in village India or urban America, a hard core may try to hold back progress.

Strangely enough, it is likely to be made up of the very people who would gain the most by change. The lonely activists who try to speed the pace of change may find it a thankless task.

But fast or slow, everything changes. It is becoming more and more clear to more and more people that change is like death or taxes. There is no escaping it.

That fact offers both a hope and a challenge to mankind.

Which?

1. The Kotas belonged to the caste called
(a) Badagas. (b) Kshatriya. (c) untouchables.
2. Among the Kotas, when a boy became a man he
(a) was circumcised. (b) had his hair put up. (c) dropped out of school.
3. Which of the following is closest to what the Badaga man meant when he said, "Turkeys don't turn into peacocks"?
(a) Sulli was not smart enough to learn anything. (b) Untouchables could never better themselves. (c) Untouchables should never go near people of higher castes.
4. Some of the Kotas were beginning to admire Sulli until he
(a) found fault with them. (b) became a teacher. (c) fought the Badaga parents in court.
5. Asha's only purpose in living among the poor was to
(a) get them to work for her. (b) help make their lives better. (c) build up a political following.
6. The terrible thing that Sohan did was to
(a) sell his daughter. (b) steal from his parents. (c) change an old way of doing something.

Why?

1. Sulli went to a Christian mission school because
(a) his family were all Christians. (b) it was one school that would accept Kotas. (c) he wanted to be with his Badaga friends.
2. The Kotas made Sulli an outcast because he
(a) cut his long hair. (b) got some store owners into trouble with the government. (c) married a Badaga girl.
3. Asha never married because
(a) she belonged to a caste that did not allow marriage. (b) no one wanted to marry a woman who had worked so closely with low-caste people. (c) her father would not allow it.
4. Gauri gave up her own happiness because
(a) she did not want to keep other girls from getting a good education. (b) she knew it would be a sin for her to marry an American. (c) the farmer her parents chose to be her husband was rich.

What do you think?

1. What methods did Sulli use in his attempts to help the Kotas? Can you suggest ways in which his methods might have been improved? What are some other ways that people in India or other countries have used to help bring about change?
2. Why might the younger Kotas have admired Sulli more than their elders did?
3. What may be some reasons that people are often against even those changes that would benefit them? Can you give some examples of such resistance in our own country or elsewhere?
4. What might be some reasons that people like Sulli, Gauri, Asha, and Sohan are willing to give up so much in order to help others? Are you in favor of sacrifice to help others? If you had known any of the four “activists” in the story, would you have been for or against them?
5. What were the most important changes Sulli, almost singlehandedly, brought about? Is all change necessarily for the better? Under what kinds of circumstances might your answers to question 4 have been different?
6. Do you agree that the fact that everything changes offers both a hope and a challenge?
7. What are some changes that you would like to see in the United States? that you would not like to see in the United States? How might such changes come about?

New Days and Old

Study 3

The old man's hands and face are wrinkled and weatherbeaten. He wears baggy pants, tied with cotton at the waist and ankles. A worn jacket hangs loosely over his white T-shirt, his bent shoulders. Li may be old, but he still leads his labor brigade in Yen-an, North China.

Li's home is a cave in a hillside. From its entrance, he can look down across the rice fields of the Willow Grove Commune. Winters here are cold, and summers hot. A cave is a good place to live. Li's cave has a plaster ceiling, a brick floor, and papered windows. Heated brick beds and many quilts help make the family comfortable in winter. Among the things Li prizes most is a large vacuum bottle that keeps water hot. In the old days, only rich landlords owned such things.

Li spoke of those old days. "That winter, we were barely alive. The worst part was watching the children starve. My son said to me, 'Let me die! Let me die! You feed me just enough to keep me alive. Please let me die, so the rest of you can live.'"

The old man's eyes clouded as he recalled that bitter time. But then he smiled. "How lucky we are today," he went on. "I have three sons and four grandsons. In the old days, it was pure luck if a man lived to see even one grandson."

In the old days, too, the poor had lived in caves. But most of the caves were filled with flies and rats. Men, women, and children worked to scratch a living from sad little patches of grain. Most families never had enough to eat.

Then the Communists came to Yen-an. They showed the poor farm families how to work together. With their help, the scrubby little farms were joined together in cooperatives. The farmers shared their land and their tools with one another. Working together, they were able to wrest more food from the soil.

In 1958, many of these farm groups joined together to form larger groups. The larger groups were called communes. The Willow Grove Commune was formed from fifty-nine villages, some of them very tiny.

Each village in Willow Grove has cave homes, some new, some old. But now the flies and rats are gone. There are a few new buildings with tiled roofs. Each village has its own labor brigade, which works with brigades from other villages.

Li is a proud old man. He is proud of his family, proud of his workers. He is proud of the work all of them have done. Today rice grows on what used to be waste land. Hillsides have been shaped into terraces. Well-built drainage systems serve the hillside fields. Tobacco is being grown at Willow Grove. Pines, nut trees, and fruit orchards have been planted. The trees keep wind and water from carrying away the soil.

All the terracing and planting in Willow Grove is done by hand. It takes days of back-breaking work by both men and women to prepare even a small amount of land. They have planted 47,000 *mou* (8,000 acres) in trees. Another 10,000 *mou* (1,700 acres) have been terraced.

There is a small power plant at Willow Grove now, which lights some of the buildings. All the villages have telephones. Old Li likes to show visitors the nine dams built by his people. New lakes and reservoirs have been formed and stocked with fish. This is a new kind of food for the villagers. There is swimming in the lakes, too. The children learn to swim almost as soon as to walk. Their parents remember when water was so scarce it was not even possible to take a bath!

Not all the Willow Grove workers are farmers. Some make slate, bricks, and tile. Others prepare fertilizer for the fields. Some are carpenters. Others run rubber-tired carts, carrying goods and passengers. Some of the children and old women crush iron ore with hammers. The iron is treated in the Willow Grove blast furnace.

During planting and harvest times, men and women work at least twelve hours a day. At other times of the year, the work day is nine hours. Men at Willow Grove get three or four days off each month. Women may have as many as six.

Most of the villages that make up Willow Grove have one large kitchen and dining room. They are open to anyone who wants to have meals there. This frees many women for work in the fields or elsewhere. Of course, some people still prefer to cook and eat in their homes. They may do so if they wish.

The children of Willow Grove live very differently from farm children of the past. During planting and harvest times, the smallest ones are

cared for during the day in a cave nursery. Rows of small toothbrushes, combs, towels, and basins line the walls. The kindergarten children proudly take care of their own gardens.

Willow Grove has many primary schools, taught by well-paid teachers. Almost all children learn to read and write. Those who want to go on to middle school may do so. The commune will pay their way.

Old people, those who are too old to work as Li does, have an easy life. If they have no children to live with, they are given cave homes of their own. Their food is free, and someone comes to cook it for them. Some of them raise a few chickens or tend small gardens. But mostly they take walks, play chess, or just doze in the sun. These old people know little or nothing of communism. They simply accept and enjoy the care they receive.

Old Li is content. His home is neat and well supplied. Large jars of pickled vegetables stand in his kitchen. They will last the family through the winter. His wife and children are well clothed. Wonder of wonders, his grandchildren even have rubber boots and sneakers. Visitors are invited to sip tea at his large square table. His rosy-cheeked youngest daughter does the serving. Li and his wife look quietly at each other, their eyes shining. They ask nothing more of life.

In this picture of a peasant at home in Red China, what objects would you guess are status symbols?



Inside Red China

It used to be the fashion for American writers to dismiss the Chinese Revolution as a failure. The People's Republic was not invited to join the United Nations. The United States refused to trade with Red China, though most Western countries always have. Most American citizens, even newspaper people, were barred from going there. Edgar Snow was the first

American writer allowed to visit Red China after 1960. We acted as though we thought Communist China would go away if we just ignored it.

Writers and photographers from other countries have been to China. Many of them report that it is far from "going away." Some of the reports and pictures they brought back appear on these pages.

In 1958, Mao Tse-tung said he wanted more cooperatives to join together. It was then that Willow Grove was formed. It had 24 labor brigades, each divided into work teams, like this one.



In the early days of the communes, the peasants left all food-raising to the group. Soon there were too few vegetables, too little meat. Now each family may have its own garden and a few animals.





This simple machine was developed by a commune to make rice transplanting easier. Other commune goals are soil improvement, careful use of water, and getting rid of rats and flies.

Recent visitors to China who had also been there years ago report many changes. Children look scrubbed and healthy. There is enough food. And there is a constant war against dirt and disease. Even the field workers are clean and neat.

Life in a commune is still far from pleasant by our standards, but Chinese peasants find living better than it used to be. They work hard, but they are no longer slaves of hunger.



Which?

1. Old Li lives in
(a) North China. (b) Southeast Asia. (c) Western Japan. (d) South India.
2. In the Willow Grove Commune, Old Li is
(a) a Communist Party official. (b) an army officer. (c) an ordinary laborer. (d) a labor brigade leader.
3. Li feels that life today is
(a) harder than in the old days. (b) little changed from the past. (c) far too easy for young people. (d) better than in the old days.

Why?

1. In the old days, North Chinese peasants hardly ever bathed because
(a) they preferred to be dirty. (b) they believed that bathing was bad for the health. (c) water was very scarce.
2. Many Chinese cooperatives joined together into communes like Willow Grove because
(a) Mao Tse-tung wanted them to. (b) only a commune could have a private army. (c) the Constitution of the People's Republic said they had to do so.
3. Food was scarce during the early days of the communes partly because
(a) the peasants stopped raising their own meat and vegetables. (b) the Red Army took over all the crops. (c) each farmer was allowed to work only in his own small garden.
4. American farmers would find farming in China very difficult because
(a) the Chinese language is too hard to learn. (b) living conditions on the communes are far below our standards. (c) the harvest season lasts only twelve hours.
5. Recent visitors to North China report that the people there are better off than they used to be because
(a) they no longer have to live behind barbed wire. (b) they have become better fed, better housed, cleaner, healthier, and better educated. (c) every cave houses a car and a TV set.

What do you think?

1. Does Li have reason to be proud? What might an American farmer of Li's age be proud of? Which of them is probably the more content? Give reasons for your opinion.
2. Is the widespread education of Chinese peasants likely to have any effect on the future of China? on the future of the United States?
3. Are you in favor of barring trade and travel between the United States and Red China? Why or why not?
4. What are some of the reasons that most farming areas in the United States are so different from the Chinese communes? Are they alike in any way?
5. If you had been a poor Chinese peasant in 1949, would you have been for or against the new government? Why?
6. Have American farmers ever had problems like those of the peasants of old China? In what ways do American farmers try to solve the problems they have? Was there some way, other than accepting Communist rule, that the Chinese peasants of 1949 could have begun to solve their problems?

School Days in Old China

Study 4

The nine boys, Wang Yu among them, sat in a circle on the floor. A stern-faced, white-bearded man sat in the center of the circle, a book in his wrinkled hands. The man would read a line from the book. The boys would repeat the line. This had been going on since shortly before dawn. It would continue until after dark.

Day after day, the boys came to the home of the old teacher. Day after day, they repeated each line after him. The boys had no idea what the words meant, but they were learning them by heart. Wang Yu was one of the best pupils. He had already learned hundreds of lines, and hundreds of the Chinese signs that formed the words.

Wang Yu's school was called a family school. The teacher was an important person to the families of his pupils. The Chinese have a saying that shows how they feel about teachers. "He who teaches a child for one day becomes the father of that child's lifetime," they say. And in the family school, the teacher ruled.

Chinese parents felt that they could not train their own children well. They loved them too much. So they sent the boys (but never the girls) to a strict teacher. In their view, it was not enough for a teacher to have great knowledge. He must also be willing to beat students for being lazy. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" may have started as a Chinese saying. Indeed, on Wang Yu's first day of school he brought a present for the teacher. Wang Yu's father had made the present. His mother had wrapped it beautifully in bright red paper. It was a bamboo rod to be used on Wang Yu if he did not behave.

So Wang Yu behaved. Starting at the age of six, he learned every line of the Four Books. When he could say every line perfectly by heart, the teacher began to explain the meanings. This, too, was done line by line. Next came the Thirteen Classics. By the time he left the family school, Wang Yu could read and write the classics perfectly.

Writing in China was a fine art. Pupils who studied the classics in the morning studied writing in the afternoon. The teacher walked around,

looking at everyone's work. He praised some, frowned at others. Sometimes, without warning, he would try to snatch the writing brush from a boy's hand. Wang Yu knew that trick. He kept a tight hold on his brush. The teacher could not take it.

"Good! Good!" said the old man. "To write well, you must hold the brush in a tight grip."

Wang Yu knew another trick. He and some of the other boys tied heavy books to their writing arms. It was hard to write that way. What made it even harder was that they were supposed to write without letting their forearms touch the desk. But later on, when the books were removed, writing became easy. The arms were strong. The strokes of the brush were clear and sure.

Wang Yu's schooling lasted twenty years. Besides the Four Books and the Thirteen Classics, he studied Chinese history. At last he was ready to take the imperial tests. He passed them. Like the white-bearded teacher in the family school, Wang Yu had become a scholar and a master.

This ink-on-paper picture was done to help the 17th-century artist remember his happy days of study.



Learning in China Today

Schools in Old China were for rich men's sons. In most villages, where the poor people lived, there were neither schools nor teachers. Few people could read or write. Children worked with their parents in the fields. What need had they of learning?

But things changed in 1949. That was when the Communist government took over. School children still work. The government wants them to honor work and workers. But they go to school, too. Hundreds of millions of Chinese children, in farming villages as in big cities, go to school. There are as many girls as boys. Many of them go on to college. Even farmers, factory workers, and old people go to school. In most classrooms there is a big poster. It says: "Everyone must know how to read and write. Children must help their parents learn."

In Wang Yu's school, everyone had tried to do better than his fellows. In present-day China, however, the picture is different. Every student is expected to help his fellows. Grades are not important. "We want you to be more than just good students," the teachers say. "You must be good, collective-minded human beings."

There is another way in which today's schools are different from the old. There are few beatings. No one is ever punished with a bamboo rod. For a teacher to

strike a pupil is a crime. The government wants problems settled by discussion. The pupils settle some by talking among themselves. Sometimes they talk with the teacher or the head of the school. Sometimes the teacher and the parents talk together to get things straightened out.

Learning by heart has no place in the new schools of China, either. Teachers try to get the pupils to want to learn, to figure things out for themselves. They want students to enjoy their studies and always to be eager for more. At the same time, of course, young people are expected to work hard. The school day begins at 8:00 in the morning and lasts till 5:00 P.M. The school year is eleven months long, and classes meet six days a week. Each class lasts forty or fifty minutes.

Here is a list of subjects a Chinese boy or girl of junior high school age might take: mathematics; science; nature study; reading, writing, and composition in Chinese; Chinese history; agriculture; English or Russian; art; music; and sports (favorites are volleyball and basketball). Each agriculture student works in the school vegetable garden an hour and a half a week. High school students must take military training. And every pupil in every school is expected to do an hour and a half of homework every day after five o'clock.

In many parts of China, pupils must be taught much more than school subjects. When they first arrive, they may know nothing about keeping themselves clean. They have never heard of good health habits that help prevent sickness. Not only do they learn these things, they are expected to teach their parents, too. They are expected to help make all of China a healthful place to live.



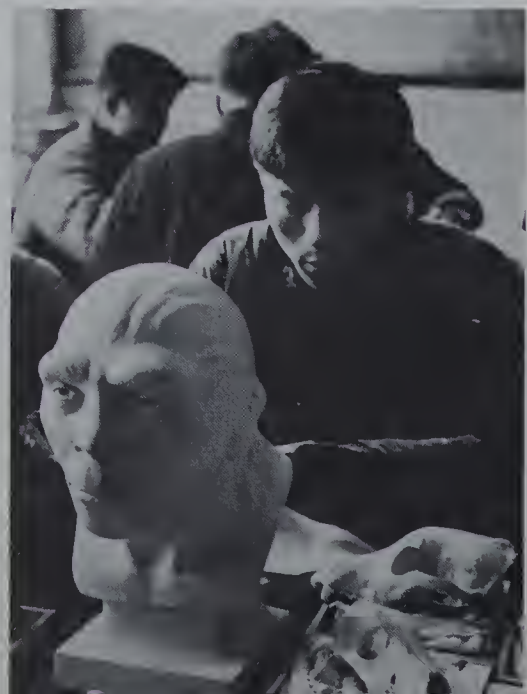
Chinese peasants today are expected to keep records and accounts. To do that, they must learn to read, write, and do arithmetic.

In distant places, where schools are scarce, students from the cities go to serve as teachers.



A school assignment in China may be to shovel manure or clear stones from a hill. What are these students doing?

All over Communist China, there is much interest in the country's prehistoric past. These students are learning about "Peking Man," a caveman ancestor of 400,000 years ago.





The government of China attaches great importance to scientific training. This girl, like three fourths of all China's university students, spends most of her time in a lab.

Which?

1. In the schools of Old China, there were
(a) more girls than boys. (b) no girls. (c) as many boys as girls.
2. Which of the following words best fits the kind of school Wang Yu attended?
(a) dull (b) exciting (c) crowded
3. At Wang Yu's school, the pupils spent most of their time
(a) learning to make bamboo rods. (b) bothering the girls. (c) learning books by heart.
4. In China, writing is very much like
(a) using a golf club. (b) painting a picture. (c) typing.
5. Wang Yu and his friends tried to improve their writing by
(a) balancing books on their heads. (b) gripping the desk to hold it steady. (c) tying heavy books to their arms.
6. When Wang Yu finished his schooling he was well prepared for
(a) any important job in China. (b) a post as bookkeeper at the palace. (c) a life of teaching what he had learned.

Why?

1. Chinese parents believed that pupils should be punished sometimes because
(a) to spare the rod is to spoil the child. (b) every boy should be beaten regularly, like a gong.
(c) beatings make a boy grow strong.
2. The present-day government of China wants children to do some work because
(a) young people should learn to honor work and workers. (b) they will get more out of school if they work their way through. (c) otherwise gardeners would have to be hired, and paid.
3. Many young Chinese pupils have to be taught good health habits because they
(a) want to become doctors or nurses. (b) have never had a chance to learn them at home.
(c) have been taking drugs for years.
4. Girls are now allowed to attend school in China because
(a) the male students enjoy girl-watching. (b) the government wants to keep an eye on them.
(c) girls and boys are now equal in China.

What do you think?

1. What would you say was the main purpose of Wang Yu's schooling? of present-day Chinese schools? of your own school? What should the purposes of schooling be?
2. Is there any truth to the saying that a teacher becomes "the father of a child's lifetime"? What do you have a right to expect from your teachers? What do they have a right to expect?
3. Are grades important at your school? Should they be? Why or why not?
4. Who probably decides what subjects are to be taught in the schools of China today? Who decides for your school? If you were running the schools, would you make any changes in the present courses? If so, what changes and why? If not, why not?
5. What chances do you have at your school to learn to be a good human being?
6. What were some of the rules in Wang Yu's school? What are some in the schools of present-day China? in your school? Should there be any rules? Why or why not? What would be a fair set of rules for your school?
7. How does your school compare with present-day Chinese schools? Which is better? What do you mean by "better"? Might a school like yours work well in China? Might Chinese-type schooling work well in the United States? Be able to give reasons for your answers.

The Missing Hand of Chang Po-jen

Study 5

Chang Po-jen should have been used to pretty girls. There were a lot of them working at the factory. Chang knew he was not supposed to look at them when he was working. He was supposed to keep his eyes on his machine, and he almost always did. But, just this once, he looked up for a moment. Something told him that little Flower of Ivory was passing by. He just had to catch a glimpse of her.

In that moment, a burning pain shot through his arm. He had leaned too close to the blade of the giant sheet-metal press he was working. Looking down in horror, he saw only the bloody stump of his right arm. The hand had been cut off!

Chang was rushed to a hospital. But in all the excitement, his hand was left behind. One of his fellow workers picked it up and brought it to the hospital. It arrived quite a little while after Chang did.

Doctors from the Shanghai People's Hospital and from the medical college went to work. They were not too hopeful. European and American doctors had written articles about joining severed limbs to bodies. They said it had to be done at once or not at all. The Chinese doctors thought the Western doctors might be right. They themselves had had no luck sewing back human arms and legs. They had done well with dogs, however.

Their operation on Chang Po-jen lasted all day long. Among the tools they used were needles finer than a human hair. Thread for the needles was a few thousandths of an inch thick. Chang's was the first successful operation of its kind in China. Now Chinese doctors perform them almost every day.

It took a long time for Chang's arm and hand to heal, but they did. He is back at his old job. He can run the press, write, and lift weights. He even plays basketball with fellow workers during his lunch hour.

Chang Po-jen is grateful to the doctors who gave him back his hand. And now he never forgets the factory rules for safety. No matter how pretty a girl is passing by, Chang keeps his eyes on his machine.

The Old and the New in Medicine

The Chinese have many sayings that have come down to them through thousands of years. One of them is: "A needle can free the body from ten thousand ills."

But not all the needles are used for surgical sewing. The Chinese figured out a long time ago that certain nerve routes govern the main parts of the body. Some govern the heart, others the lungs, and so on. The Chinese believe that doctors can cure sickness by putting needles at certain points along those nerve routes. Chinese doctors learn how to locate those points. The needles they use are made of silver, gold, or stainless steel. They come in many different sizes.

There seems to be no limit to the kinds of sickness the Chinese think can be cured with needles. Mumps, flu, ulcers, toothache, and epilepsy are a few. One case that has been written about was of a man

who was paralyzed. He could not move his body from the waist down. The doctors said he had a disease of the spinal cord. The medicine they gave him did no good, so they decided to try needles. The needle method of treating illness is called *acupuncture*.

The man was placed on his back. "Let your body go limp," the doctor told him. Then the doctor, using only his fingers, found a certain point along the nerve route in each leg. He plunged a needle into that exact spot and left it there about ten minutes. The man said he felt no pain at all.

The same treatment was repeated every day. After two months, feeling came back into the man's legs. After six months, he could move them a little. After another few months he was able to stand, and then to walk. In time, he was able to go up and

This doctor holds an old book showing the proper placement of needles used in treating illnesses.



down stairs. Finally, he went back to his work in the fields.

Did the man get better because of the needles? Or might he have recovered without them? No one really knows. But the needles are used, in China and in Russia, along with other, newer ways of treating illness.

Thousands of years ago, the Egyptians discovered some things about the inside of the human body. There was a belief that a person's feelings, such as love and hate, centered in the heart. The Egyptians reported that a fine cord, or vein, runs from the heart to the fourth finger. That is why, even today, wedding rings are placed on the fourth finger.

In somewhat the same way, the Chinese of long ago charted their acupuncture points. They felt that certain points on the skin were closely related to certain inner organs. For thousands of years, that idea was a main base for much of Chinese healing.

Then, in the early 1900's, Chinese doctors began to learn other ways of healing. They learned from doctors in the United States and Europe. Many of the doctors in Chinese cities stopped using needles altogether.

But China is a huge country. Most of the people do not live in cities. Many of the village doctors never learned the Western ways. They kept on using needles.

Within the past several years, even the young city doctors began to take notice. The needles often seemed to work when

nothing else did. Besides, using them cost almost nothing. That in itself was important to poor peasants. Today, modern doctors and those who follow the old ways work side by side in many hospitals. Those who know the old ways teach them to the younger men. The young men share their Western training with the others.

Sometimes the modern ways seem to be not too different from the old. Doctors both here and in China have learned to pierce the human brain. They know that by touching certain brain centers they can make an arm or leg or foot move. Some people suffer from a disease that makes their bodies tremble all the time. Doctors sometimes stop the trembling by using a kind of needle to freeze one part of the brain. These things would seem to show that the ancient Chinese use of needles may be soundly based.

So far, no one has been able to figure out just why the needles work, if indeed they do. But in the present-day People's Republic, both the old and the new are held to be important. On the one hand, men are healed in much the same way as their ancestors were. Their only treatment may be with shining needles or ancient herbs. On the other hand, white-coated surgeons may work with stainless steel plates and screws and pins to join bones together. They use needles skillfully to sew cut nerves and tendons together again. In short, they develop new techniques, like that which gave back to Chang Po-jen his severed hand.



At noontime in the factory yard, it is hard to tell which eager hand was once separated from its arm.

Which?

1. Chinese doctors learned how to rejoin limbs to bodies through
(a) reading Western medical magazines. (b) experimenting with dogs. (c) watching American doctors on TV.
2. One of the main problems of such an operation had been to
(a) get it done as soon as the accident happened. (b) keep scars from forming. (c) make the bones fit together.
3. Research shows that the Chinese “needle healing”
(a) is nothing but a fake. (b) does nothing but spread germs. (c) sometimes seems to work.
4. Which of the following phrases best describes what acupuncture is?
(a) cutting off a limb (b) a newly invented medicine (c) sticking with needles
5. In China today, medical care
(a) uses both old and new methods. (b) is given to peasants only. (c) has to be under the direction of doctors from Europe.
6. The old ways of treating illness were not given up in China because
(a) the Chinese hate anything modern. (b) acupuncture proved to be much better than surgery. (c) many doctors never learned any other ways.

Why?

1. Many Chinese doctors stopped using acupuncture early in the 1900's mainly because
(a) it was old instead of modern. (b) it caused so many epidemics. (c) the needles cost so much.
2. Some people are surprised that the Chinese have some new kinds of surgery because
(a) they think of China as a backward country. (b) cutting into a human body is against the Chinese religion. (c) there are no medical schools in China.
3. It is hard to tell whether acupuncture really works because
(a) some conditions cure themselves in time. (b) the Chinese keep all their medical records secret. (c) it is used only in distant villages that no medical researchers can get to.
4. Some people think the "Chinese needle" idea may be sound because
(a) the Bible tells us to cure our ills with needles. (b) it seems to have somewhat the same base as some present-day nerve surgery. (c) it was the first way ever found to rejoin a severed leg to a body after long delay.
5. If acupuncture does work, it may be because the needles
(a) stimulate certain nerve centers. (b) get healing fluid directly into the aching nerve. (c) pull the poison out of the infected area.

What do you think?

1. In what way does the factory where Chang works remind you of an American factory? Does the story give you any ideas about industry generally in China?
2. Try to find out about some kinds of medicine that were used in this country long ago, were given up for many years, and are now in use again. What might be some reasons that they were given up in the first place?
3. Does anything in this study remind you of the "generation gap" about which we hear so much in this country? Does the study give you any ideas that you could use in your own life?
4. What are some reasons that the Chinese use of needles may actually be effective?
5. Do we have any forms of medicine that, at first glance at least, would seem to be unworkable?
6. Were you or were you not surprised to learn that Chinese surgeons have worked out some difficult and excellent ways of doing things? How do you explain your surprise or the lack of it?

Four: People and Thought



Reward

Study 1

Hundreds of years ago there lived in China a ruler who loved seafood. To him, a meal without fish was no meal at all.

But one year there was no rain. The rivers began to dry up. Soon there were no fish to be had. The ruler began to get thinner and thinner. His people tried harder and harder to get him some fish. His family announced that they would pay high prices for seafood of any kind.

One day a man appeared at the palace gates. The guard stopped him. “What is your business here?”

“I have some fish for the Emperor, sir,” the man answered.

“Just leave them with me. I’ll take them in for you,” said the guard.

“I would rather give them to His Grace myself.”

The guard tried again. “Will you sell them to me?” he persisted.

“No. I want to give them to the Emperor.”

“Very well,” said the guard. “Have it your way. But you must promise to give me half of your reward. Otherwise, I will not let you go into the palace.”

“All right,” agreed the man. “In that case, I will promise. By the way, what is your name?”

“Just call me One-eye Buck,” replied the guard.

Once inside the palace, the man made his way through long halls and beautiful rooms. At last he came upon the Emperor seated at a table. The Emperor was staring sadly at an empty plate. Bowing low, the man held out his basket of fish.

The Emperor was very grateful for his present. “What would you like in return?” he asked his visitor.

The man did not hesitate. “Beat me a thousand lashes,” he said quietly.

At first the Emperor thought the man was joking. But he repeated his strange request. “Very well,” said the Emperor, and ordered his servants to whip the fisherman, but lightly.

After five hundred strokes, the man sprang to his feet.

"Stop!" he shouted. "I promised One-eye Buck the other half of my reward."

When the Emperor heard the whole story, he was furious. He ordered One-eye Buck to be brought before him.

One-eye Buck swaggered in proudly. He was expecting a big reward. He got it, too. The Emperor ordered his men to give the guard a heavy beating. After the beating was over, the guard had to bow humbly before the stranger. He had to thank the man politely for having kept his word.

"Let that be a lesson to you," said the Emperor. "Selfishness brings misfortune."

If a prince himself is upright, all will go well without orders. If he is not upright, even though he give orders, they will not be obeyed.

Confucius

This thousand-year-old picture shows a general overcoming enemies solely by being just and good.



Confucius, Angry Young Man

The great philosopher Confucius lived in China about 2,500 years ago. It was a cruel place. The people were always fighting wars. They died by the thousands, just so their rulers could have power and glory. A few noblemen held millions of starving peasants as their slaves. A noble could torture or kill his subjects as he wished. Cruelty was a way of life.

One story is told of a ruler who thought his servants might have overheard a secret conversation. Just in case they had, he slit their throats with his own knife. Another ruler often killed servants because they served him food he did not like.

Not surprisingly, many rulers were murdered. They learned to be on guard against such things as poisoned food. Many an emperor ate no food at all until it had been tested on a servant.

In the tombs of ancient rulers, many bodies have been found. They are the bodies of servants, palace guards, and court advisors, beheaded or buried alive. It was believed that these people would go on serving their master in the afterlife.

It was in the middle of such human misery that Confucius grew to manhood. Born into a poor and common family himself, Confucius wanted to help the poor. He had some clear ideas about how they could be helped, and he said so. He hoped that, through teaching his ideas,

he could bring about changes in the Chinese government.

The government had quite different ideas. The people in power branded Confucius as a dangerous revolutionary. But that failed to silence the angry young man. "My own heart tells me I am right," he said. "I shall go forward even against tens of thousands of men."

One thing Confucius believed was that government should further the happiness and well-being of all the people. Its main goal, he thought, was to make people happy. All men, he pointed out, want happiness and security. The only reason for having government is to help them have those things. Nor was there any difference, in the eyes of Confucius, between rich and poor. They should be equally happy, and equal before the law.

These were strange ideas in ancient China. War, hunger, oppression, and great need were the order of the day. Confucius wanted to change all that—but he did not suggest changes in the form of government. He thought all the changes could be brought about if only the rulers were capable, honest men.

"A ruler must know right from wrong," taught Confucius. "He must reward honest men and punish the dishonest. Most important, both poor and rich must be treated fairly. A good ruler could not

accept a bribe. He would not give special favors to the wealthy. Only good and honest rulers earn the respect of their subjects. Only good and honest rulers are able to govern well.”

Confucius expected a lot from rulers,

but he expected something from the people, too. If the ruler governed well and fairly, the people were bound to respect and obey him. If, on the other hand, the ruler was cruel or dishonest, it was the duty of the people to replace him.

Many people thought Confucius dangerous. Others, like this man, became his devoted followers.



Another idea taught by Confucius was that rulers should be trained for their jobs. In China, as in Europe, a king's son became king in his turn. His birth alone gave him the right to rule. Confucius told his students that such a plan did not make sense.

"A man's worth does not depend," he said, "on birth, wealth, or place in the world. A good leader is one who is trained to lead, and who is mindful of the rights of others. Education should be open to all.

Any educated man can become a good leader. It does not matter who his parents are. Some day the son of a poor, starving peasant could become China's greatest ruler."

Confucius, the great thinker, was not taken too seriously during his lifetime. He died believing himself to have been a failure. But the ideas he planted were seeds that took root and grew. They bore fruit in China and in many other countries, even the United States.

Which?

1. Would you say that the ruler in the story was generally
(a) fair and honest? (b) cruel to his subjects? (c) not interested in the rights of others?
2. The main point of the story is that
(a) a good leader governs by example. (b) palace guards are better off than fishermen. (c) to be successful, a ruler must be cruel.
3. The ruler expected his subjects to
(a) try to cheat him at every turn. (b) provide him with free fish. (c) be men of honor and be unselfish.
4. The fisherman in the story
(a) wanted to be a martyr. (b) enjoyed being beaten. (c) wanted to make a point.
5. The guard in the story
(a) was too severely punished. (b) got just what he deserved. (c) had to give back his part of the reward.
6. The story called "Reward" is probably
(a) a fact recorded in Chinese history. (b) a fable, made up to illustrate a point. (c) part of a propaganda attack against guards.

Why?

1. Fish were hard to find because
(a) the Emperor had caught them all. (b) the rivers were drying up. (c) they had all been dried and shipped away.
2. One reason the man brought fish to his emperor was that
(a) he wanted to poison him. (b) he respected him and wanted to keep him in good health. (c) it was a good way to get inside to rob the palace.
3. Confucius would have thought the ruler in the story a good ruler because he
(a) graciously accepted a gift from a poor man. (b) shared his fish with the fisherman. (c) punished his own guard for trying to cheat a poor man.
4. According to Confucius, the only reason for having a government is to
(a) be sure that guilty people are punished. (b) help people to be safe and happy. (c) train kings' sons to rule.
5. Confucius was called a dangerous revolutionary because
(a) he tried to kill an unjust ruler. (b) his ideas were different from those of the people in power. (c) he built up a peasant army.

What do you think?

1. Do people learn by example? Have you ever picked up a habit, an opinion, or an attitude toward someone by watching or listening to others? Have you ever had anything to do with shaping the ideas of others? Give examples to back up your answers.
2. Do you agree with the statement of Confucius that “only good and honest rulers earn the respect of their subjects”?
3. What, in your opinion, is the main goal of government?
4. Would Confucius have agreed with our Declaration of Independence? Why or why not?
5. Do you agree that people have a duty to replace unjust governments? If not, why not? If so, what tests should people use to decide whether or not a government is unjust?
6. If Confucius were living in the United States today, where might he be teaching? What ideas might he be putting forth?

How To Run a Country

Study 2

The followers of Confucius believed that the most important thing in the world is happiness. They believed that the goal of government should be to make people happy.

Many years after the death of Confucius, quite a different school of thought became important in China. One of its leaders was a man named Han Fei Tzu. Han Fei Tzu believed that the most important thing in the world is law. These are some of Han Fei Tzu's ideas of good government.

A ruler's most important tool is power. Holding this power in his hands, he can bring about the best kind of government. He can choose the most able officials. He can fairly punish or reward his people. It should be made clear to his subjects that, if they do their best, they will be rewarded. Honor and wealth are uppermost in the mind of every citizen. Hoping to get them, a man will risk even his life to do what his ruler wishes.

A great ruler does not need love or loyalty. He needs only to make sure his subjects obey him. But for one good man who can be trusted, there will be a thousand others. The others must be "bent" or "stretched" to make them obey the laws.

Even an honest man may steal if he knows he can get away with it. But the worst thief will not touch a bag of gold in plain sight in the market place. A wise ruler tries to prevent crimes before they take place. When they do take place, he punishes those who have committed them. It is this, not the teaching of morals, that keeps people honest.

A ruler does not love his people, nor is he loved in return. But the people obey his orders ten thousand times better than they do their parents'. The more a parent loves a child, the less the child listens to him. On the other hand, the more severe a ruler is, the better the people obey him.

The reason for punishing people is to end the need for punishment. One crime must be punished so severely that other crimes will not take

place. No man wants to be punished greatly for small gain. The fear of being punished makes citizens obey the law. Crime disappears by itself.

There are those who believe that harsh punishment only harms people. They think light punishment is enough to put an end to crime. Such people do not understand the meaning of good government.

There is an old Chinese saying that governing a country is like washing one's hair. Some hair will fall out. But this does not mean that we should not wash our hair. How can hair grow and be healthy without being washed? He who bemoans the loss of a few hairs does not understand power. A powerful ruler cannot be concerned about such a loss.

Some people say that a ruler should be as loving as a parent. But what of parents? In a Chinese family, when a newly born baby is a boy, the parents are proud and happy. If the baby happens to be a girl, the parents may kill the child or sell it as a slave. Why? Because the parents must think of the whole family. They must think of the advantages of male children. A ruler is not so close to his subjects as parents are to children. Since even parents measure values, why not a ruler? For the good of the whole family, parents allow some children to live while others die. A wise ruler, too, must think of the whole nation. He cannot base his rule on love or favor.

This panel from an ancient screen shows a law-and-order ruler with his "hatchet men" around him.



Law and Order

Han Fei Tzu lived in the third century before Christ. There were many warring states within China at that time. The nation was in danger of being torn apart. Han Fei Tzu and others thought that only a single all-powerful ruler could hold it together.

In the view of Han Fei Tzu, people were evil. They were selfish, interested only in themselves. Because they could not be trusted, strong government was needed to make them act as they should. Every person had to be forced to live, work, think, or even, perhaps, die for the government. His own wishes and well-being were not at all important.

“What the emperor thinks is right, all shall think is right. What the emperor thinks to be wrong, all shall think to be wrong.” That was the way Han Fei Tzu thought that things should be.

How could millions of people be forced into such obedience? Han Fei Tzu was sure he had the answer. It was “law and order.” In other times and other places, law was supposed to protect men from the power of the government. Han Fei Tzu saw things differently. The law, to him, was a means for taking and keeping power over men.

He agreed that there might have been a time when a ruler could govern through

Here one of the ruler's subjects has chained himself to a tree to keep from being exiled.



love. But that day was gone. China was too large. There were just too many people for an emperor to love. Force was the only answer. Government, Han Fei Tzu was fond of saying, had to be based on “the facts as they are.” Because Han Fei Tzu wrote so much about law and order, he became known as a Legalist. Because he said it was important to face facts, he was called a Realist.

One person who thought Han Fei Tzu’s ideas were sound was the emperor of Ch’in. Han Fei Tzu said that learning was

a waste of time that should be spent in work for the ruler. The ruler of Ch’in said all books should be burned, except a few on such subjects as medicine and farming. “A ruler should trust no one,” wrote Han Fei Tzu. And the ruler of Ch’in, reading, said, “If I could get to know this man, I would die happy.”

A little while later, the two men did meet. But it was not the emperor who died. “No one is to be trusted,” Han Fei Tzu had warned all rulers. And Han himself was put to death at the court of Ch’in.

Which?

1. Han Fei Tzu believed the goal of government should be to
(a) make people happy. (b) make people obey the law. (c) punish people.
2. He wrote that a ruler could make his people obey him only by
(a) winning their love. (b) keeping all riches in full view. (c) making them fear punishment.
3. The way to keep people honest, he said, is to
(a) teach them morals. (b) keep them away from temptation. (c) severely punish those who are not.
4. In his view, the main reason for punishing people was to
(a) prevent crime. (b) see them suffer. (c) make them work harder.
5. Which of the following sayings is closest in meaning to “When one washes one’s hair, some hair falls out”?
(a) “You can’t make an omelette without breaking eggs.” (b) “You can’t teach an old dog new tricks.” (c) “You can’t have your cake and eat it too.”
6. Han Fei Tzu thought good government had to be based on
(a) the well-being of every citizen. (b) every citizen’s right to speak his mind. (c) punishing the bad and rewarding the good.

Why?

1. Han Fei Tzu and his followers are often called Legalists because
(a) all of them were lawyers. (b) above all else, they wanted law and order. (c) they drew up wise new laws for China.
2. To the Legalists, no citizen was important because
(a) nothing mattered but the government itself. (b) there were so many other citizens. (c) the ruler never met any plain citizens.
3. The ruler of China, said Han, could no longer govern through love because
(a) he had made all his subjects hate him. (b) there were too many people for him to love them all. (c) love makes people dishonest.
4. One reason the ruler of Ch'in wanted to meet Han was that
(a) Han was trying to start a revolution. (b) he agreed with Han's ideas. (c) he wanted Han to defend him in a lawsuit.
5. Americans would not like to live under a Legalist government because
(a) we are not in favor of law and order. (b) we do not think the law should come between a man and his government. (c) we do not think the law should be used as a means for taking and keeping absolute power.

What do you think?

1. Is our country today at all like China in the time of Han Fei Tzu? What are some of the ways in which it is different?
2. If Confucius and Han Fei Tzu were running for President of the United States today, which, in your opinion, would get more votes? Give reasons for your opinion.
3. What are some recent or present-day forms of government of which Han Fei Tzu might approve? Are there any that Confucius might approve?
4. Do Americans today ever express opinions as to whether severe punishment prevents crime? What is your opinion on the subject? Be able to give reasons for your opinion.
5. In the long run, is a nation itself likely to be better off with a Han Fei Tzu kind of government or one closer to the ideas of Confucius? What might be some advantages and disadvantages of each?

A Path to Peace

Siddhartha Gautama was a young man who had everything. He was a prince. He was wealthy. His wife was beautiful, his son handsome. But at age twenty-nine, Siddhartha was still not satisfied with his life. He felt that he was missing something. He did not know what it was, but he left home to find it.

For six years, the prince roamed India. For the first time in his life, he came face to face with misery and suffering. They seemed to be on every hand. Was this, then, the real meaning of life? Was life on earth intended to be bitter?

The prince searched Hinduism for an answer but found none. At last he decided that the answer lay within himself. To find it, he would have to search the depths of his own being.

For forty-nine days, Siddhartha sat beneath a tree, facing the bank of a river. With all his strength, he forced himself to think long and deeply. Was man born to suffer? Were men forever doomed to lead short, unhappy lives? Somewhere there must be answers to these questions.

At last, quite suddenly, Siddhartha seemed to see life clearly. He felt that he had discovered the reason for all human suffering. More important, he felt that he had found a cure for the problems of mankind. Four great truths stood out clearly in his mind. Eight clear and simple rules took shape as guideposts to meaningful living.

Siddhartha left the shelter of his tree. He went forth to share with others the truths he had discovered. From that time on, he was known as Buddha, “the enlightened one.”

The four truths that Buddha taught are these:

All humans suffer and feel pain.

Suffering is caused by desire, by wanting things one cannot have.

Suffering ends when one puts aside desire.

Desire may be overcome by following certain rules, or guideposts.

The eight rules or guideposts have come to be called “the eightfold path.” All of them have to do with being gentle, unselfish, and mindful of others. Each person may put the rules into his own words. They have been stated in this way:

Learn to know suffering.

Have good intentions.

Speak the truth.

Act honestly and peacefully.

Do nothing to harm others.

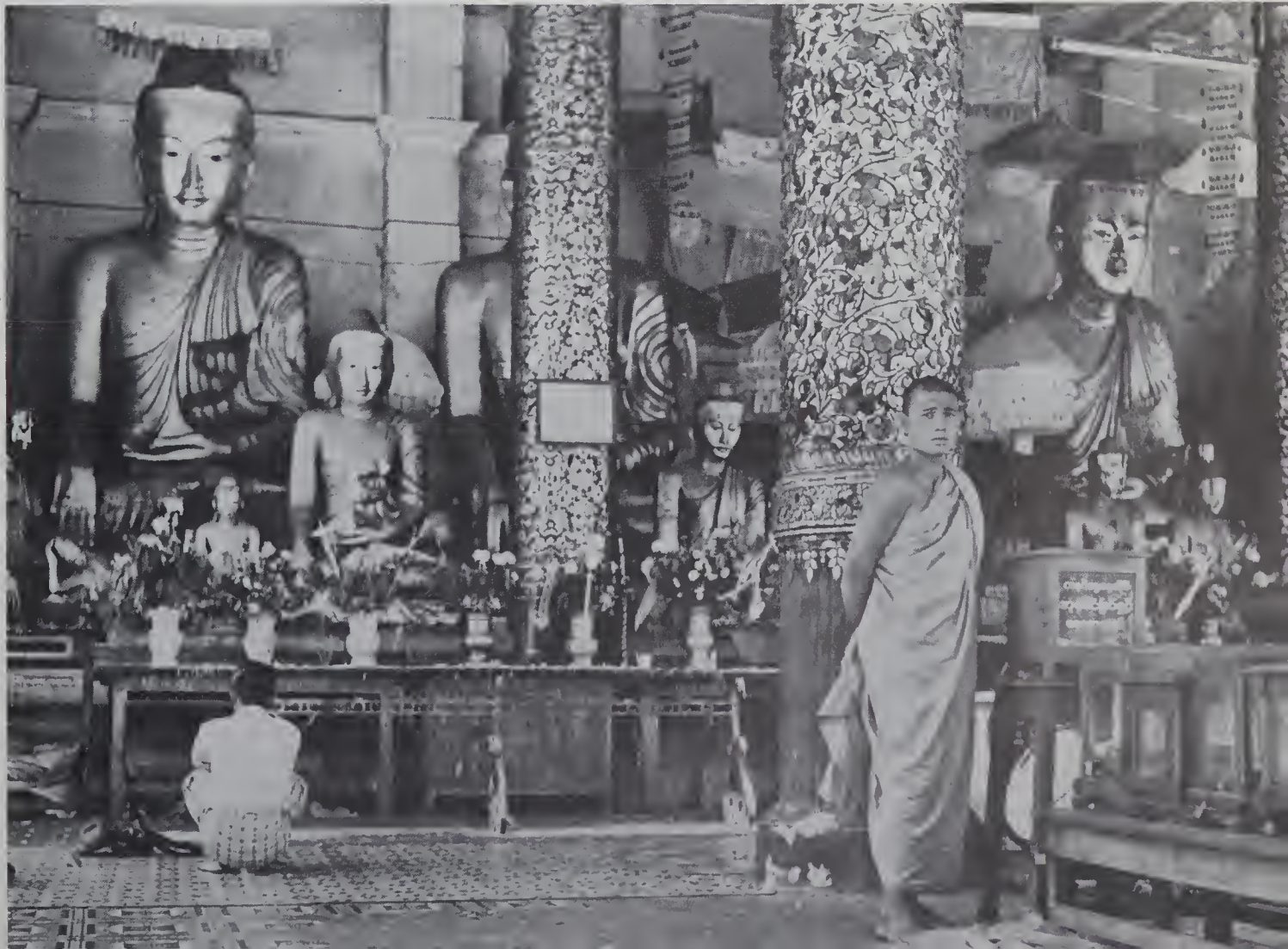
Learn useful things.

Keep your mind busy.

Think deeply about life.

Buddha taught that the eightfold path would lead to Nirvana. That was his word for a state of mind much to be desired. One who reaches such a state, said Buddha, is blessed with understanding, peace, and freedom.

This is a famous temple in Rangoon, Burma. The images are all of Buddha. Who are the people?



Some Riddles of Zen

Buddha was born in India more than five hundred years before Christ. During the next twenty-five hundred years, his teaching spread through Asia. In some places, Buddhism remains just about as Buddha taught it. In others, it has taken on new forms.

One such form began to be widely followed in Japan about A.D. 1200. Today it is known in many countries of the world. It is called Zen Buddhism.

The teachers of Zen do not teach their students any rules as such. Instead, they drop hints or offer riddles, forcing the students to think. They guide the students to find out about themselves by themselves. Here are some of the riddle-stories used by teachers of Zen.

A Very Important Person wanted to find out about Zen. He was welcomed by a Zen teacher, who asked if he would like some tea. The Very Important Person said yes, and the teacher began to pour tea into a cup. The cup was soon filled, but the teacher went on pouring. Tea flooded the table and spilled over on the floor. Still the teacher poured.

"Stop!" said the Very Important Person at last. "The cup is full. No more tea will go into it."

The teacher put aside the teapot. "You are the cup that is full," he said gravely.

"You are full of ideas and opinions. There can be no room for Zen until the cup is emptied."

Two Zen monks, one tall and one short, were walking in the rain. At a crossroad, they saw a beautiful girl. She was looking at the rushing water in the road, wondering how to get across.

"Let me carry you," said the tall monk. Without more ado, he picked her up and deposited her on the other side.

The girl went on her way. The monks went theirs. They had been talking, but now there was silence between them. It was not broken until they reached the place where they were to spend the night. Then the short monk burst forth with a shower of words. He spoke crossly to his tall companion.

"We monks should stay away from women," he sputtered. "All women. But beautiful young women are the most dangerous. It is not safe to touch them."

As he scolded, his voice grew louder and louder. Finally he finished. "Why did you lift that girl in your arms?" he said. He was almost screaming.

The tall monk looked down at the short one in surprise.

"I left that girl at the crossroad," he said quietly. "Tell me, are you still carrying her?"

A young fish went to the oldest fish. "Everyone talks about the sea," said the young fish. "But I don't know what it is. What is this sea, and where can I find it?"

"You are part of the sea," the old fish answered slowly. "You are in the sea. You are made of the sea. The sea is in you. You live and move in the sea, and you will end in it. The sea covers you like your own being."

A blind man visited a friend at night. When he was about to leave, the friend offered him a lantern. "The blind need no lanterns," the blind man said. "All is darkness anyway."

"A lantern will not help you find your way," his friend told him. "But it will help others to see you. It will keep them from walking into you."

The blind man took the lantern and began his long walk home. He had not gone far when someone ran into him. The blind man shouted angrily. "What's the matter with you?" he said. "Can't you

see the lantern I am holding?"

The one who had run into him answered sharply. "Your lantern gives no light, old one. The candle has burned out."

There was one tight-fisted woman in the village. The teacher of Zen promised that he would talk to her.

True to his word, he stopped her in the street one day. "What if my hand were always like this?" he asked her, holding up a tightly clenched fist.

"You would be crippled," said the woman.

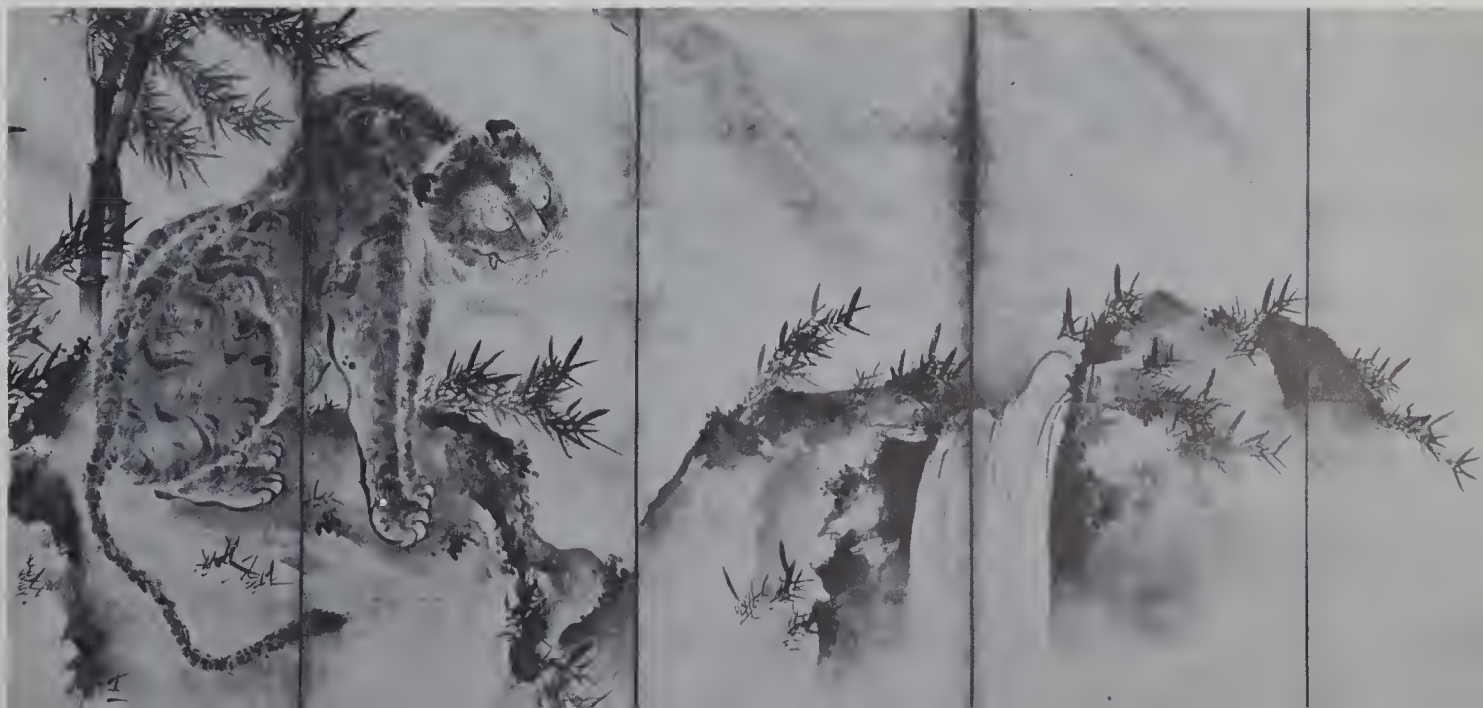
The teacher opened his hand, but spread the fingers in all directions. "What if my hand were always like this?" he asked again.

Again she replied, "You would be crippled."

"You know much," the Zen teacher said warmly. "You must be a very good person."

After his questions, the woman saved much less and gave much more.

This picture of a waiting tiger might have been inspired by the Zen story on the following page.



Buddha himself is said to have told this story. Teachers of Zen have been using it for centuries.

A man was walking across a field. Suddenly he saw a tiger moving toward him through the grass. He turned and ran, the tiger close behind him.

Coming to a cliff, the man caught hold of the root of a vine. With it, he lowered himself over the cliff's edge. As he hung there, holding the root, the tiger snarled at him from above.

The man looked down, hoping to find

a way of escape. But below him, at the base of a cliff, stood another tiger. The man hung there, helplessly.

Just then two mice, one white and one black, began to chew through the vine. The man was terrified. The tiger below was waiting to tear him to pieces.

At that moment he noticed a beautiful strawberry growing in a niche nearby. Clinging to the vine root with one hand, he stretched the other toward the strawberry plant. Gently he picked and ate the ripe red berry. How delicious and sweet it was.

Which?

1. Buddhism was begun by
(a) a poor tree farmer in Japan. (b) a flagpole sitter named Budd. (c) an Indian prince.
2. During the six years that Siddhartha was roaming India, he
(a) was jailed several times. (b) saw much misery and suffering. (c) was entertained in fine homes every day.
3. Siddhartha expected to find the meaning of life by
(a) taking drugs to make him dream. (b) studying the Hindu religion. (c) working as a peasant in the fields.
4. The name Buddha means most nearly
(a) teacher of the doomed. (b) seeker after truth. (c) enlightened one.
5. After spending forty-nine days under a tree, in deep thought, Siddhartha
(a) decided there was no place like home. (b) saw clearly that home is where the heart is. (c) went out to teach the truths he had found in his own mind.
6. Reaching Nirvana means most nearly
(a) being in a state of peace and understanding. (b) getting drunk. (c) giving in to despair.

Why?

1. Siddhartha left home when he was twenty-nine because
(a) he wanted to find out what was missing from his life. (b) his wife was always nagging him.
(c) his money was gone and he had to go to work.
2. Zen teachers do not set out rules for their students because
(a) they are too lazy to prepare lectures. (b) they want the students to think things out for themselves. (c) students resent rules.
3. Buddha urged people to follow the eightfold path because it
(a) would lead them to Nirvana. (b) had beautiful scenery. (c) would lengthen their lives.
4. Zen teachers like riddle-stories because such stories
(a) force people to search for meanings. (b) make people laugh. (c) are easy to make up.

What do you think?

1. As you think about the Zen stories, try to find at least two possible meanings for each one.
2. Do you agree with Buddha that suffering comes from wanting what you cannot have? Why or why not? Compare this belief of Buddha's with the following statement by the poet Robert Browning: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Could Browning and Buddha both be right? Explain.
3. What makes people want what they cannot have? Can anything be done to keep people from wanting such things? Should anything be done?
4. What are some factors that may determine what a person can or cannot have? Take yourself, or any high school student, as an example.
5. Do you agree with Buddha that it is important to know oneself? Do you know yourself? Is it true that we are what we feel we are? What makes us feel as we do about ourselves?
6. Do the studies in this book generally have anything in common with Zen teaching methods? From what kind of teaching do you seem to learn the most?
7. Does Zen Buddhism interest you? Could you reach the same goals another way?
8. Could you put together a riddle-story of your own?

The Salt March

Some twenty-five hundred of the followers of Gandhi had gathered to listen to Madame Naidu. She was their leader while Gandhi was in jail. They were about to follow her in a march to the salt pans. The march was to protest the salt tax law and British rule over India. As such, the march was against the law. Indeed, any gathering of more than five people in any one place was against the law.

Madame Naidu, strong and brown in her rough woolen robe, called the group to prayer. While they were still kneeling, she began to speak. "Gandhi's body is in jail, but his soul is with you," she said. "You must use no violence. You will be beaten, but you must not try to protect yourselves. You must be peaceful at all times."

Then, in silence, the march towards the salt fields began. Four hundred Indian police, in brown turbans and khaki shorts, stood guard. They were armed with steel-tipped clubs five feet long. Six British officers were in charge of the police. Twenty-five riflemen stood by.

A barbed wire fence circled the salt pans. A hundred yards from the fence, the crowd stopped. There was silence. Then a small group moved forward, wading across a ditch. They moved toward the barbed wire fence.

"You are breaking the law," warned the police.

Slowly the marchers went on.

Then the police rushed forward. There were sickening thuds as the steel-tipped police clubs crashed on heads and shoulders. One after another, the people were struck down. Within two or three minutes, a pile of bloody bodies writhed at the feet of the police. No marcher was left standing.

Stretcher bearers rushed forward to gather the bodies. The police did not stop them. The injured were taken half a mile back to some thatched huts. Two Indian doctors tried to help them.

Now another group moved out. They showed no sign of fear as they marched, heads high, in complete silence. Again the police rushed for-

ward. Again there were thuds and groans as men were beaten to the ground. Sixty people lay senseless when the blood-soaked stretchers were brought back.

So far the marchers had not raised a hand, even to ward off blows. But now the crowd had become restless. There were some shouts of anger. It appeared that the mob might charge the police. The riflemen raised their weapons. The leaders of the march raced backwards and forwards, frantically trying to calm people down.

Then the Gandhi followers began the next stage of their plan. They marched forward in groups of twenty-five and sat down just outside the fence. An officer ordered them to go away. They paid no attention. Nor did they look up as the police moved in, swinging their cruel clubs. One after another, the quiet people toppled forward, blood flowing from their wounds. Yet there was not one word or sign of protest.

The lack of resistance seemed to send the police into a frenzy. They began kicking the quiet, seated men. The attack was savage and brutal. Men screamed and groaned as heavy boots crashed into stomachs and testicles. The police, sweating and swearing, dragged the helpless forms away, dumping them in ditches. Blood rose to stain the muddy water.

The beatings went on for several hours. Stretcher bearers rushed back and forth, carrying unconscious, bleeding bodies. By noon, hundreds of the injured lay suffering in 116-degree heat. The doctors could not help them all. Many died from their wounds.

True to Gandhi's teaching, not one had raised a hand against the attacks of the police.

These people, being beaten by police, are trying to escape the salt tax by making their own salt.



Gandhi, Peaceful Patriot

Mohandas Gandhi was born in 1868. His father was the prime minister of an Indian state. At eighteen, Gandhi went to England to study law. His schooling completed, he went to South Africa to work for an Indian merchant there.

So far, the shy young man had led a fairly sheltered life. But in South Africa he was shocked by what he saw. Workers there, both Indians and Africans, were treated no better than beasts. For most of the next twenty years Gandhi stayed there, fighting for the workers' rights.

It was during this time that he worked out his idea of nonviolent civil disobedience. *Satyagraha*, he called it, meaning

"soul force" or "the force of truth." People all over the world came to hear of his peaceful philosophy and to follow it.

When Gandhi returned to India, he spent nearly thirty years working to free the country from British rule. He was a clever lawyer and could have been a very rich man. Instead, he chose to lead a life of poverty. Traveling on foot, he went from village to village, bringing his teaching to the people. He taught them to be clean, to respect others, and to live according to truth and right.

For many years, Gandhi edited a magazine called *Harijan*. He used the pages of the magazine to spread his ideas and to

Gandhi played a leading part in this meeting of top diplomats, held in London in 1931.



teach *satyagraha*. He wrote books and letters, addressed meetings, and often met with leading Indian and British statesmen. Many of the peaceful campaigns he led were successful. Some were not. Like other Indian leaders of his time, Gandhi spent years in jail for breaking laws that he believed unjust. Indeed, Gandhi often forced the government to jail him. He would announce that he was going to break an unjust law. He would say when, where, and how he planned to break it. When the time came, he did exactly as he had said he would. In order to back up the law, the government had to punish Gandhi. But Gandhi was a well-known figure. When he was punished the whole world heard about it.

Gandhi believed, with good reason, that his being jailed would stir public opinion. He hoped that it would lead to changes in the laws and, in time, to the independence of his country. Violence, on the other hand, would lead to the deaths of thousands, perhaps millions, of people. Gandhi believed that nonviolence could be a more powerful force.

In 1947, Gandhi's dream came true. India became independent. Gandhi became the peaceful leader of his country's 400 million people. But he did not live to lead them long. In 1948, on his way to a prayer meeting, the seventy-nine-year-old Gandhi was killed. A great nonviolent leader met a violent death, at the hands of one of his countrymen.

Which?

1. The followers of Gandhi outnumbered the police by about
(a) 1,500. (b) 2,100. (c) 20,000. (d) 400.
2. Gandhi's followers
(a) attacked the police. (b) insulted the police. (c) broke a law. (d) stole salt.
3. The salt march was a protest against
(a) the salt tax imposed by Britain. (b) the price of salt. (c) American salt companies in India. (d) Gandhi's jail sentence.
4. Gandhi's followers expected to
(a) be beaten by the police. (b) overcome the police. (c) get their salt for nothing. (d) storm the jail.

Why?

1. Gandhi stayed in South Africa for nearly twenty years because
(a) he was making so much money there. (b) all his British friends lived there. (c) he wanted to help the workers get their rights. (d) he hated the government in India.
2. Gandhi believed nonviolence would be more effective than violence because
(a) Indians dislike violence of any kind. (b) Indians are cowards. (c) it would bring public opinion to his side. (d) he was religious.
3. Gandhi traveled from village to village because
(a) he wanted to build up a guerilla army. (b) no village would let him become a resident. (c) he wanted to bring his ideas to the people of India. (d) the police would not let him stay in one place.
4. Gandhi sometimes forced the government to jail him because
(a) he wanted to direct public attention to unjust laws. (b) he had no way to make a living. (c) he wanted protection from his enemies. (d) he did not want to pay rent to British landlords.

What do you think?

1. Would Gandhi have been more likely to think that the salt march was a success or a failure? Why? Would you agree with him? Why or why not?
2. Would you agree with Gandhi that nonviolence is more effective than violence in bringing about needed changes? Support your opinion.
3. Were Gandhi and his followers justified in breaking laws in order to get them changed? Give reasons for your opinion.
4. What can an ordinary person in a democracy do to help change a law or an official practice that he thinks is unjust? Try to find examples of laws that have been passed or changed as a result of pressure from individuals.
5. What are some forms of civil disobedience that have taken place in the United States? In what ways are they similar to or different from such Gandhi-led efforts as the salt march?
6. What is the meaning of the saying “The end justifies the means”? Under what circumstances might you agree with that position? Under what circumstances would you disagree?

Mao Tse-tung's father owned about three acres of land in Shao Shan. Mao, his parents, his grandfather, his two brothers and a sister all lived in a small house on a hill. Together they did all the work in the fields, raising about three tons of rice each year. Half the crop was used for their own food. The other half they sold in a nearby city.

Somewhat grudgingly, Mao's father let the boy attend the country school for a few hours a day. "What does he need more schooling for?" the father would mutter from time to time. "He knows how to read, and he can count. What more does he need to be a farm worker?"

But Mao had other ideas. He always carried a book or two with him to the fields. Whenever he had a chance, he would steal away to his favorite hiding place. There, under a tree behind an ancient tomb, he would lose himself in reading.

One day his father found him there, a book in his hands and two empty baskets beside him. Fourteen-year-old Mao's main job was to carry heavy basket-loads of manure to the fields several times a day.

"So! You have decided to stop work, have you?" his father roared at him.

"No, Father, I am only having a little rest."

"But you have carried no manure at all this whole morning!"

"Oh, yes, I have. I have carried several baskets since dawn."

"How many?"

"Five or six, I think."

"Five or six in half a day? Do you think that is enough to earn your living?"

"How many could you carry in half a day?"

"Fifteen, at least," Father Mao answered. "Don't forget, I had the same job when I was your age. But you! You no longer care what happens to the family. You waste your time reading stupid books. But this is the end. You are not a child anymore. If you want to eat, you have to work!"

Slowly the boy got to his feet. Slowly he slung the empty baskets at the ends of a long pole. Then he put the pole across his shoulders like a yoke. Quarrels with his father were an old story to Mao. This time he did not even bother to answer.

Before long, Mao had learned all that the country school could teach him. He had read over and over again the few books he could get his hands on. Now he began to dream of going away. He wanted to go to one of the big new schools he had heard about. Such schools were to be found only in large cities.

Father Mao snorted when the boy brought up the subject. "Go away to school? You must be crazy! Where could you go? To a primary school? You are almost a full-grown man. Do you want to go to primary school with little children?"

Mao said nothing. He was waiting for his father's anger to burn itself out.

"Or do you plan to go to secondary school?" His father's voice dripped with sarcasm. "You cannot go to secondary school because you have not been to primary school. Any fool could tell you that."

"I want to go to primary school," said Mao quietly.

His father laughed loudly and bitterly. Then he stamped away without answering. The subject was closed.

For weeks after that, father and son did not speak to each other. But the boy kept trying to think how he could get away.

At last he hit upon a plan. Without a word to his father, he visited several other members of the family. From each one, he managed to borrow a little money. Altogether, it added up to enough to pay his way at school for a whole year.

Finally one night, at the evening meal, Mao broke the news. "In three days I shall leave to go to primary school in the city."

His father got up and stormed out of the room. The rest of the family stared at Mao in frightened silence. But Mao just went on eating.

In five minutes his father was back, taking quick pulls on his long Chinese pipe. "How will you pay?" he asked coldly. "Schools are not free. They are for rich people only, I am sorry to say."

Mao smiled. "It is all taken care of. You will have nothing to pay. Let us speak no more about it."

"No more about it!" exploded his father. "You say I will have to pay

nothing! But what about the man I will have to pay to take your place in the fields? Where is that money to come from?"

This was something the boy had not thought of. He knew his father was right. Everything, always, was a question of money. How could he possibly borrow any more?

Now, as he carried the heavy baskets to the fields, Mao was more unhappy than ever. He felt trapped. At night, weary as he always was, he could not sleep. Tossing and turning, he tried to think of a way out.

Suddenly one night he did think of something. There was Mr. Wang Chi-fan, a distant relative. It was said that Mr. Wang had helped some other young people get an education.

Mao set out before dawn. He walked several miles to the home of Mr. Wang. The old gentleman listened kindly to his story. When Mao left, he had the money.

At home, his father shouted at him for having been away. Mao only smiled. "I am leaving for Tungshan to go to school," he said.

Once more the storm of words began. Who was to pay a man to take his place?

"How much will such a person cost?" Mao asked his father.

"At least a dollar a month!" was the angry answer. "Do you think I am made of money?"

"The money is here," said Mao quietly. He handed his father the package Mr. Wang had given him. "These twelve dollars will pay a man to take my place for a year. Good-by, Father."

Mao is said to have done his first writing in this earth-floored, dirt-walled home of his childhood.



A Cry for Change

In 1893, the year of Mao Tse-tung's birth, China was seething with change. Old ways were being questioned, especially by students.

For hundreds of years, China had "kept itself to itself." Then, in the 1800's, it began to have more to do with Europe, America, and Japan. Some young Chinese even managed to go to school in those countries. When they returned home, they found fault with much of what they saw around them. They talked to other people of their own age. Soon the youth of China were demanding major changes.

"We want up-to-date schools," they said. "We want to study mathematics, science, geography, and modern languages. The old Chinese classics are all right in

their place. But what good does it do us to learn those old books by heart?"

Family life began to change, too. In old China, the father was the ruler of the family. He was like an emperor, deciding every matter without question. He could punish his children as the emperor could punish his subjects. Mao's father was a good example. Mao and his brother were often beaten when their father lost his temper.

Like other members of his age group, Father Mao was against change. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather—all had lived their lives in the same way. They planted rice and reaped ever smaller harvests from the worn-out land. Why should his sons expect anything

These farmers of Old China seemed to have nothing better to look forward to in their lifetime.



different? Learning was for the rich. All Mao needed was a strong back for carrying baskets of manure to the hungry soil.

But Mao, hiding behind an ancient tomb to read his books, was part of the new China. Like other boys of his station, he began to work in the fields at the age of five. But it soon became clear that Mao had a mind of his own. When his father did something unjust, Mao fought back. He dared to speak up to him. Once, when his father punished him for reading, the boy left home. Another time he went on strike against his father. Little by little, in his own family, Mao beat down the old idea that the father was the emperor.

Here and there, all through China, other boys were doing the same thing. As China moved on into the 1900's, more and more members of the "new youth" were making their voices heard. The government began to listen. Many new schools were opened,

offering Western subjects. The young had more to say about their lives, both at school and at home.

But one thing about China did not change. Hundreds of millions of peasants still spent their whole lives in hunger and misery. There seemed to be no hope for them.

How could they ever escape from the never ending struggle to get enough rice to stay alive? Taxes and rents were always more than they could pay. Their very lives were at the mercy of the landlords.

In time, rebels like Mao Tse-tung brought changes to the schools and to family living. Then many of them turned their attention to politics. Mao himself, who had begun by standing up to his father, became a revolutionary. From 1946 to 1949, he led China, the most populous country in the world, through a massive revolution.

Chou En-lai, Mao Tse-tung, and General Chu Teh look pleased with the way things are going (1947).





This noisy, youthful demonstration was typical of the early days of the Maoist revolution.

Which?

1. The amount of rice raised per acre of land each year was about
(a) one ton. (b) ten tons. (c) three tons.
2. Father Mao considered reading
(a) a waste of time. (b) a pleasure that also improved the mind. (c) an important skill for farmers.
3. Mao flew in the face of tradition by
(a) starting to work when he was five. (b) talking back to his father. (c) refusing to go to school.
4. Modern primary schools could be found in China
(a) only in large cities. (b) in villages and small towns. (c) dotted all through the countryside.
5. Mao and his father treated each other
(a) coldly. (b) warmly. (c) with kindness and respect.
6. Which of the following words best describes Mao's efforts to go to school?
(a) occasional (b) determined (c) foolish

Why?

1. Mao's father objected to his leaving home because
(a) he was needed to work in the fields. (b) the cities were dangerous. (c) he could not bear to part with him.
2. Mao decided to go to school with much younger children because he
(a) felt that schooling was so important. (b) could be a leader because of his age. (c) knew he could bully them.
3. Some young men began to find fault with Chinese schools because they
(a) thought education was a waste of time. (b) had seen much better ones in other countries. (c) did not teach Chinese history.
4. The Chinese family was something like the Chinese nation because it was
(a) so very large. (b) always starving. (c) run by a powerful ruler.
5. The old kind of Chinese schooling seems silly to us because
(a) the Chinese characters, or word-signs, look so funny. (b) so much of it was given over to learning old books by heart. (c) it trained people only to carry manure.

What do you think?

1. What are some of the differences between Chinese fathers and sons in Mao's youth and American fathers and sons today? In what ways are they alike? What are two commonly heard words that could be applied to fathers and sons in both countries?
2. In what ways are the changes which the youth of China wanted different from those America's youth is asking for today? In what ways are they alike? What are some kinds of changes that young Americans demanded in the 1930's? in the late 1940's? How about the 1970's?
3. Does it make sense for young people to accept all the advice their parents give them? Does it make sense to accept none of it? What kinds of advice from parents would be most valuable? When you have children of your own, how do you plan to treat them?
4. It has been said that Mao's life followed some of the same paths as the history of China in the 1800's and early 1900's. Can you explain the statement?
5. Could Mao's early life have had any effect on the later history of his country? Give reasons for your opinion. Could the actions of American students today have any effect on the future history of our country? If not, why not? If so, what may some of those effects be?

Five: Challenges, Today and Tomorrow



Hunger in Honan

Study 1

Honan is in northern China. In 1943, there were terrible famines in North China and India. Nearly three million people who had lived in Honan died that year from hunger. The horrors of hunger almost have to be seen—or felt—to be believed. This is the story of a young medical missionary who saw some of the horrors at first hand.

There had been hunger in northern China for many months. My friend and I had gone there hoping to help the village people who were sick. We were of little use. The kinds of sickness they suffered from could be cured by food alone.

Children, old men, and pregnant women gathered around us as we entered the village. It was late fall, and the air was sharp. But towels, thin blankets, and folds of paper were all the clothing most of the people had. Bones showed clearly through the wrinkled skin of men and women no older than we were.

From a distance, the children looked well fed. But as they crowded around us, we could see that their bellies were bloated from hunger. Sores covered their misshapen bodies. Dried pus coated their swollen eyelids. Many of them could walk only with the aid of sticks, which they used as canes. Some of the old people could not walk at all. They crawled toward us weakly on their hands and knees.

Within moments my friend and I were circled by a ring of these living skeletons. Their hands, all skin and bone, stretched out to us. Their voices, desperate, pleading, soft, or whining, begged for food. We had none to give them. Our own good health, our well-filled stomachs, gave us a sense of shame.

Gently, little by little, we made our way through the crowd. On every village street were sights that made us sick. People lay in gutters, too weak to rise. A mother dragged herself along, a dead child cradled in her arms. (She laid him to rest on a clean bed of straw, just outside the village. Within hours his wasted body had been gnawed away by birds



In all their lives, these children have never been free from pangs of hunger. They may never be.

and animals.) Men almost too weak to walk pushed carts or wheelbarrows bearing bodies of the dead. The bodies were dumped in piles, men in one pile, women in another. The smell of death and filth was overpowering.

A small dog crossed our path, dragging a human form. The dead woman was full grown, yet her body could have weighed no more than forty pounds. A teen-age girl, naked, sat in a doorway hugging her thin arms. She had fainted from hunger. Others, thinking she was dead, had taken her clothing for themselves. Now she waited, shivering, for the death that had passed her by.

When the famine came to Honan, people in the villages had tried every way they could think of to get food. First they killed and ate their mules and donkeys. Roots of the newly planted wheat crops were torn up and eaten. In the woods around the villages, trees were bare of bark to a height of twenty feet. The bark had been stripped off and pounded into powder. Small, bitter cakes were made of it. Leaves were picked, dried, and eaten. Green and brown scum from stagnant pools was

gathered up and swallowed. Even dirt was eaten to dull the pain of empty bellies. The dirt and the scum themselves caused many painful deaths.

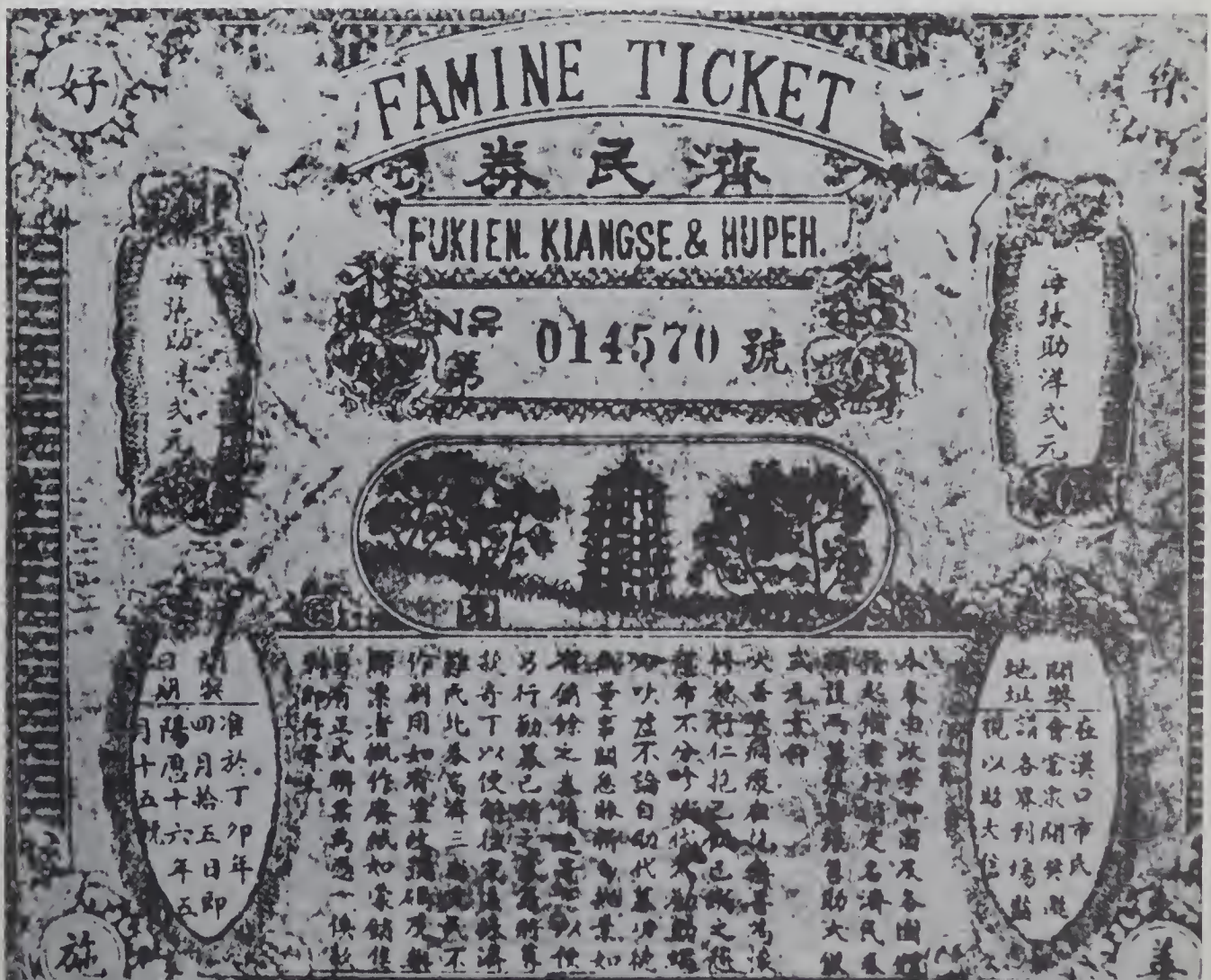
In time, the living began to eat the dead. Several people were known to have eaten the legs and arms of neighbors who had died. One woman cooked her husband and her baby. Many parents killed their children just to end their suffering.

The village canal had always been used for drinking water. Now the canal was clogged with bodies of the dead. No one felt strong enough to get them out. But people still drank the water. Cholera and dysentery swept the village.

What could we do? There were only two of us. We had no food supplies. The medicines we had brought with us were soon gone.

We left the village in the middle of an icy night, numb with cold and guilt and sorrow. Who were we to have food in our stomachs and hope in our hearts? Why should we have these things, while millions of villagers in northern China had nothing—nothing in this world?

China has always had famines, but in 1927 the early Communists printed "famine tickets." These blamed the British for all the misery and starvation existing at that time.



The Future: Food or Famine?

Famines are not new to Asia. Chinese history records that nearly two thousand of them took place between 108 B.C. and A.D. 1911.

They no longer happen quite that often. Still, at this very moment, somewhere in Asia thousands or millions of people may be starving. Whether or not that is the case, one thing is certain. Hundreds of millions of people in many parts of Asia go to bed hungry every night. All those hungry people have heard stories about the ugly famines of the past. All of them fear for their own future.

Why is food so hard to get in so many parts of Asia? One reason is a lack of farming land. China, with more than three times as many people as the United States, has only half the farm land. Crops can be grown on only about a tenth of China's vast land miles. India, one of the largest countries in the world, has twice as many people as the United States. Yet it has less good farming land than we have.

Besides not having enough land, many Asian countries have almost no farm machinery. Most Asian farms are small. The farm work is done largely by hand. In some places the land is such that tractors could not be used, even if the people could afford them.

Machines are not the only things that Asian farmers need and do not have. Little

or nothing is done to protect the crops after they are planted. Year after year, insects, floods, or long dry spells may wipe out the farmer's crops.

Eight people out of ten live and work on Asian farms. They have trouble raising enough food for their own families. Often there is not enough left over to feed the other two out of ten people.

There is another problem, and it keeps getting worse. That is the growing number of mouths there are to feed. India has as many people as all the countries of Latin America and Africa put together. It is expected to have a billion people by the year 2000. China, too, may have twice as many people then as it has now. But though the number of people keeps growing, the amount of food does not. Each year the same amount of food has to be spread around among more people.

To make matters worse, the food that can be raised is often the wrong kind. Meat, fish, cheese, milk, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruit are hard to come by. Many Asians live mostly on starches, and not enough even of them.

But suppose there were enough food to go around. Ways would still have to be found to get the food to the people. China is beginning to work out some ways of doing this. Japan has made great progress. Indeed, since World War II the Japanese

have become better fed than people in many Western countries. The change for the better is very clear. Children grow taller, stronger, and healthier than earlier Japanese children did. Japanese men and women generally live longer even than men and women in the United States. The health of the whole country improved as the meals got better!

The Asians who go to bed hungry are not the only ones who worry about the future. Thinking people everywhere are

worried. How can the world strike a balance between the number of people to be fed and the food to feed them with? Must people be kept from having so many children? Must ways be found to make food pills in laboratories instead of depending on the land? Do the oceans of the world hold secrets that might help?

Young people still in school, in all the countries of the world, may have to find the answers. In the meantime, fear of famine haunts the dreams of many millions.

Which?

1. Which of the following is most nearly the number of people who died in the Honan famine of 1943?
(a) one million (b) two million (c) three million (d) four million
2. According to the story, famine-starved villagers sometimes ate
(a) green ice cream. (b) cakes made with powdered bark. (c) dried buffalo milk. (d) shark-fin soup.
3. Among the diseases that spread through famine-struck villages was
(a) smallpox. (b) measles. (c) influenza. (d) cholera.
4. Children who are starving are likely to have
(a) very bright eyes. (b) fat hands. (c) bloated stomachs. (d) too much nervous energy.
5. The people who crowded around the missionaries wanted
(a) to be baptized. (b) their pictures taken. (c) something to eat. (d) to see what non-Asians looked like.
6. Honan is a
(a) part of northern China. (b) village in India. (c) war zone in Vietnam. (d) large mission in Asia.

Why?

1. The man telling the story of “Hunger in Honan” thought he could help the villagers because
(a) he was a doctor as well as a missionary. (b) he and his friend had a carload of groceries.
(c) all they needed was someone to lead them.
2. India has less food per person than the United States because India
(a) sells all its food to other countries. (b) has twice as many people and less farm land.
(c) has religious laws against harvesting grain.
3. World hunger is becoming a greater problem all the time because
(a) less and less food is being raised. (b) the number of children being born gets greater every year. (c) no one has found a way to control crop-destroying insects.
4. Many poor people in Asia go to bed hungry every night because
(a) the foods they get are not the right kinds. (b) they are trying to lose weight. (c) their religion allows them to eat only in the morning.

What do you think?

1. What may happen to people who are hungry most of their lives? Could being hungry have anything to do with the way they act or how they feel about other people?
2. How could a country’s future be affected by its failure to produce enough food for its people?
3. During the northern Chinese famine, fathers killed their children to keep them from suffering. Also, some people ate the flesh of other people who had died. Should any of these people have been punished? Suppose you had a starving child, and an old man you knew had a great deal of stored food. Would it be right or wrong to rob or even kill him to get the food?
4. What can or should be done to help ease the food shortage in Asia?
5. Whose responsibility is it, or should it be, to help starving people in Asia? in the United States?
6. How may the ever rising birth rate in most of the world affect the world food supply? the world itself?
7. Should anything be done to make the birth rate lower? Does anyone have the right to tell you how large a family you should have? Would your opinion about the previous question have been different if you were a hungry Indian or Chinese?

The Trial of Big Stick Han

Old Sun was sounding the brass gong from one end of the village to the other. “Come to a mass meeting at the schoolhouse!” he cried at the top of his voice. “Come to a meeting to accuse Big Stick Han. Come to try him for his sins against you!”

“Big Stick” was what the peasants called Han Feng-chi behind his back. For twenty years, Han had been collecting grain each year from the families who worked his land. Anyone who had less grain than Han wanted was beaten by the great man himself. Han always carried a big stick with him for that purpose.

He did other things too, like forcing the village people to work for him for nothing. If they held back, Han’s hired hands drove them from their homes with whips. Peasants who could not pay their bills to Han were given generous loans—at 60, 70, or 80 per cent interest. When they could not pay, Han took their land. In this way, he had become the owner of thousands of acres.

But now a Communist “land-reform” team had come to the little village of Yuanmao in northeastern China. Encouraged by the team leader, the peasants and the villagers had risen against Han Feng-chi. They burst into his fine house. Armed with sticks and stones, they captured him. They would have torn him to pieces, but the team leader held them back.

“He must be tried,” the leader said. “If he is to be punished, it must be by a people’s court.”

So on this July morning in 1946, the trial began. Bound hand and foot, Big Stick Han stood alone before the people he had wronged.

The team leader spoke quietly to the waiting crowd. “Those of you who have been wronged,” he said, “step forward. Speak out. You need no longer be afraid.”

One by one the people spoke. First to speak was a young man wearing a tattered straw hat and patched clothing. “Han, you hired me as a farm hand. At the end of the year I asked for my pay. You refused

to pay me. When I asked why, you said, 'Because that is what I choose!'"

"Give him a thrashing!" someone shouted.

"Kill him now!" screamed another.

"Who else wants to speak?" asked the team leader, pounding for order.

Old Kuo came forward. Blinded by anger and tears, the old man pointed a shaking finger at Han.

"Fifteen years ago, you hired my only son as your servant. When he fell ill, you beat and kicked him. On New Year's Eve, while you played cards and drank wine, my son lay dying. He panted, coughed, and groaned from the pain in his chest. You shouted at my son to stop groaning. But he could not stop. So you gave orders to have him carried out into the snow. 'Carry him outdoors quickly,' you said. 'Don't let him die in here.' My son froze to death, outside in the snow. You went on with your card game."

As the quavering voice finished, Han turned his head away from the crowd. The hate in their eyes was like a weapon he could not face. They were not shouting now. But their silence was terrifying.

One story followed another. By evening the record listed seventeen murders. It showed that forty-three women, wives and daughters of farm hands, had been raped and sold into slavery. Old Tien's daughter had been whipped to death when she refused to live with Han.

The team leader read the record aloud. Then he stepped forward. "What is your will?" he asked the people. "Shall Big Stick Han pay with his life?"

Men, women, and children shouted and clapped. The noise was like thunder. Two members of the land-reform team, carrying rifles, pushed Han out the door. They prodded him toward the East Gate of the village. Kuo and other victims of Han followed behind. Over a thousand people followed them. Some were shouting, some singing songs. A few were beating drums and gongs.

Outside the village there was a sudden silence. Two shots rang out sharply.

"I have been hoping and crying these long years for a day like this," sobbed a woman.

The next day there was another meeting. Again the team leader took charge. "Today we will start to divide Han's land," he said. "Land,

houses, work animals—all will be divided among the peasants. The more we give to the poor, the better. And the quicker the better.”

“What about the crops on the land?” asked someone.

“The crops go with the land,” the leader answered. “Whoever gets the land gets the crops.”

A land committee was set up. Each villager was given about an acre of land, all for himself. All past debts to landlords were wiped out. Each farmer began with a fresh start and his own land.

That is how “land reform” came to Yuanmao.

A farmer's own bit of land may be some distance from the little village where his house is.



The Gradual Revolution

Most Americans live in cities. Most Chinese, now as for thousands of years past, live on farms or in tiny villages.

Until the revolution, which began in 1946, most Chinese spent their whole lives on the edge of starvation. With their hands, their backs, and wooden tools, they worked small strips of land. Whole families worked together, going out each morning from their tiny huts. The hut might be made of sun-dried brick, bamboo, or twigs woven together. There was no floor other than the earth. But the hut families were not the worst off. Some families had no huts. They lived in caves, eating leaves and the bark of trees when there was nothing else.

The piece of land that most families had to work was less than an acre. They raised

rice, grain, and a few vegetables. Meat was a luxury they might have once a year.

Even the few things these poor people did raise, they were not allowed to keep. The grain was for the landlord. Most of every other crop went to him, too, for rent, taxes, or clothing.

Chinese life went on like that, year after endless year. But how could this be? There were hundreds of millions of Chinese poor. The very rich, who kept the others poor, numbered very few. But those few had a firm grip on China's land, wealth, and government. The peasants had no power—neither political, economic, nor military. There was no way they could change their wretched lives.

Or was there? Mao Tse-tung thought there might be. He knew that the Chinese

Many of the workers in this auto factory are the sons and daughters of poor peasants.



could not have a revolution like the American, the French, or the Russian one. The East was too different from the West. No peasant army could ever march against the mighty forces of the Chinese government. But perhaps they could move against the government bit by bit.

Communist teams spread out through tiny, distant villages. In one after another, they led the people against the landlords. It was a fierce and personal kind of over-

throwing. Little by little, land and wealth were taken from the few, divided among the many. Little by little, the poor people became better fed. Slowly but surely, they began to feel their power.

“What is the greatest question in the world?” asked Mao Tse-tung. “What is the greatest force?”

And to these questions Mao answered, “The greatest question is how to get food to eat. The greatest force is the people.”

Which?

1. When poor farmers could not pay their bills, Han Feng-chi
(a) gave them generous loans without charge. (b) got them extra jobs so they could make more money. (c) took their land.
2. The leader of the Communist team
(a) gave the peasants courage to capture the landlord. (b) armed the peasants with machine guns. (c) led the charge against the landlord's house.
3. Han Feng-chi was a rich man who
(a) came around each year to give grain to the poor. (b) had the power of life and death over his workers. (c) divided his land and money among the poor.
4. A list of wrongs done by Big Stick Han was
(a) obtained from him by torture. (b) made up out of whole cloth by the team leader. (c) read at his public trial.
5. The lands taken from the landlord were
(a) used by the Communists as an army base. (b) taken over by the government. (c) divided among the poor.
6. The term “land reform” most nearly means
(a) to improve the soil. (b) teaching peasants how to be good farmers. (c) spreading ownership among many people.

Why?

1. Landlords like Big Stick Han grew rich because they
(a) worked hard and saved their money. (b) were able farmers and good businessmen. (c) took crops and land from the poor.
2. One big sudden move against the government was not possible in China because
(a) the people were so poor and were scattered through so many places. (b) the government had spies in every tiny village. (c) the government kept moving from city to city.
3. In China, a very few people were able to run the lives of millions because
(a) the millions kept voting for the same few every year. (b) the few had a firm grip on the land, the wealth, and the government. (c) the few kept the many happy and well fed.
4. The Chinese began their revolution in the villages because
(a) all the peasants were well armed. (b) there were no Communists living in the cities. (c) the only way they could attack the power of the government was bit by bit.
5. The Communist teams pushed the peasants into violence because
(a) Communists are violent by nature. (b) they got extra pay for every landlord killed. (c) the people who could have brought about peaceful changes did not do so.

What do you think?

1. What is a revolution?
2. Under what conditions might political revolution be justified? Under what conditions would it not be? Use the American, French, Russian, Chinese, and Cuban revolutions as examples.
3. Do the people of Yuanmao and their problems remind you of any other groups of people in the world today? In what ways? In what ways are the groups different?
4. Speaking from the point of view of a country (any country) as a whole, what tests could you use to judge the success of any revolution?
5. How would you answer the question “What is the greatest question in the world?” What are some of the reasons for your answer?
6. If you had a chance to ask Mao Tse-tung two questions, what questions would you choose? Give reasons for your choices.

The Short Life of Mui-po

Study 3

Mui-po—her name means Precious Plum Flower—was born in southern China. She was the youngest of six children of a rice farmer who owned seventeen acres of land near the Yangtze River. When Precious Plum Flower was only two years old, the Yangtze overflowed its banks. The rushing muddy waters swept away her house. Her father drowned. The rest of the family survived by clinging to the floating rooftop of a shed. Her mother, already suffering from tuberculosis, then became very ill. The children had to be parceled out to friends and relatives. Mui-po was sold to a neighboring farm couple who had no children of their own. Another flood two years later forced her new parents to sell out and make their way to the coastal city of Canton, about a hundred miles from Hong Kong. When Mui-po came of age, she was given back her freedom and married to Liang Ping-wan. He was the eldest son of a family who owned a farm just outside the city.

Everything seemed right for Mui-po at last. And then the Communists came. This was 1949. Her husband's father, with twenty-odd acres, was arrested as a "landlord." After a twelve-hour public "confession" meeting, which he spent on his knees with his hands tied behind his back, he was shot in the back of the head. Mui-po, who was then pregnant, joined her husband and four in-laws in fleeing to the border. They walked for ten days, exchanging some of their clothing for food along the way. Once they had to stop in a village. There Mui-po gave birth to her first son.

The border was open then, and the Liang family crossed easily. They had no friends in Hong Kong, but Mui-po's husband had four ounces of gold sewn into his trousers. Converting this into cash, the Liang family bought some food. Then they began to look for a place to live. In crowded Hong Kong, the search was not easy.

At last the Liangs pooled all their resources. They bought some wood, sheet metal, and tar paper. Then they moved to the roof of a tenement house. There were twelve other families up there, leaving barely enough

room to turn around. But they were all together. This was all that mattered. When they were offered a cubicle in the new buildings put up by the government, they decided not to take it. They were paying less rent where they were. Here, within the next few years, Mui-po bore other children. Each time, the rest of the family moved over to make a bit more room.

One day the rooftop dwellers panicked. Without notice, workmen began to tear down the building next door. The staircase in the building being torn down was the only way to get from the rooftop to the street. The people living on the roof had to move fast.

Mui-po's husband, unable to find another place for his family, put up a lean-to on the sidewalk. His brother and two sisters moved into bedspaces. That left only the four children and Mui-po's mother-in-law to worry about for the time being. But Hong Kong kept getting more crowded. People kept coming from China by the thousands. They slipped over the border at night or around the border on fishing junks. And so the seven Liangs remained on the sidewalk. Mui-po's husband made their "home" as comfortable as he could. The family settled down to wait until something better could be found. Ten years had gone by since their arrival in Hong Kong. The future was as uncertain as ever. Yet they still had hope.

That winter was a very cold one for Hong Kong. The temperature often went down to freezing. The cold was too much for the ailing grandmother. She died of pneumonia. Now there was no one to look after the children. Mui-po had to give up the job she had found at a sweater factory. She had been working there six days a week for fifteen dollars a month. Now, to be able to keep the older children in school, she made plastic flowers for five dollars a month. When her husband came home from his work each night, they also made rice cakes. These they sold to a street hawker for a penny each. Somehow, they managed to get enough to eat.

But Mui-po then discovered she was going to have another baby—her fifth. She had a mild case of tuberculosis, and the pregnancy made it flare up. She became so weak that she could no longer work. She was barely able to look after her family.

Mui-po lost her baby. Her bout with TB had left her so weak that it would be dangerous for her to have another. Her friends told her about

an operation that would keep her from having children. The operation would cost thirty-five dollars, but she had no money. A government clinic told her they would do it free of charge, but only when there were six or more children in the family. Mui-po had only four. She was not eligible.

She went back to making plastic flowers to raise the money for the operation. Her health began to improve, as did her spirit. The Liangs were all together once again, and the world seemed brighter.

But once more Mui-po became pregnant. One day she pushed open the door of a hospital in Hong Kong. "Baby come now," she said, leaning heavily against the wall. She was rushed to the crowded maternity ward. Another woman got up to make room for her, and then sat on the edge of the bed. Young Mui-po was delivered of triplets.

Two days later the following item appeared in the Hong Kong *Tiger Standard*:

A man yesterday wanted to give away his newly born triplets. His wife, ill with tuberculosis, died last night, after sixteen hours of labor. He stated he earned only U.S. \$1 per day and has four other children to support and wishes to give the triplets away to any charitable or missionary organization.

A million refugees crowd Hong Kong, many of them living in rooftop shacks like those shown here. The "other" Hong Kong, rich and beautiful, seems almost unaware of the thousands like Mui-po.



Poverty

Hong Kong is not the only overcrowded city in the world. Nor is it the only place where poverty is a way of life for many people. Even the United States, with the highest income per person in the world, has poor families.

America's poor have been called "invisible." In Asia, stark poverty is plain for all to see. In Hong Kong alone, some 25,000 people live, as Mui-po did, on the streets. In Calcutta, India, some 750,000 men, women, and children know no other home. They may have lean-tos made out of bamboo and burlap sacks or they may have no shelter at all. Naked children go to the street corners for water. Mothers cook on the sidewalks, using cow dung for firewood. Whenever a car stops, twenty or thirty people crowd around it, begging.

A typical slum building in Calcutta might be four or five stories high. Each room would be about six by nine feet.

That small space might house a large family, or as many as twenty-five men. The people have to take turns lying down to sleep on the floor. Everyone cooks meals in the room, though there is no chimney to carry off the smoke. There is one toilet for about every hundred people.

Calcutta also has about fourteen hundred Bustees. These are groups of mud huts built by squatters. There is no electricity, no water, no proper way to get rid of sewage. The only place to bathe may be a pond covered with green scum. The so-called drinking water may cause cholera, smallpox, or other sicknesses.

Nearly one and a half million people in Calcutta live in poverty. This is a fourth of the city's six million. Many adults get 25¢ for a full day's work. Children often labor six to eight hours for 10¢. The average Indian's income is \$80 a year. That is about the same amount as \$350 in the

Dawn finds Bombay streets littered with the sleeping bodies of people who know no other home.



United States. Two out of every three dollars an Indian has is spent for food. Even so, about a third of all Indians have too little to eat.

TV sets, even radios, are luxuries in India. One person in a hundred may have a radio. But only one in a hundred thousand has a TV. One person in a hundred sees a daily paper. One in fifteen hundred has a car. Only three out of ten people between the ages of five and nineteen go to school. There is only one doctor for five thousand people.

From this distance, the story of the poor in Hong Kong and Calcutta becomes a blur of figures. The 80,000 people living on Hong Kong's rooftops, the 12,000

huddled in halls or basements—these seem like abstract figures. But they are real people, like Mui-po and her family. Nearly 200,000 people, like the brother and sisters of Mui-po's husband, live in bedspaces. That means they rent bedspace in a crowded room, or in a factory. Many factories and stores rent out bedspaces at night.

Figures, figures, figures. They sometimes seem almost to hide the people behind them. But it is the people who are real. They are as real as Hong Kong's towering mountain (littered with the huts of Chinese refugees) and its blue, busy harbor. They are at least as real as the fabled treasures of India's teeming cities.

Which?

1. After her father was drowned, Mui-po was
(a) placed in a foster home. (b) sent to an orphanage. (c) sold to a farm family.
2. Mui-po remained the property of the farm family until she
(a) ran away. (b) became of age. (c) became a Communist.
3. The Liang family went from Canton to Hong Kong
(a) by hydrofoil. (b) on foot. (c) in an ox cart.
4. In crowded Hong Kong, the Liang family built a shelter for themselves
(a) on the roof of a tenement house. (b) in the basement of a store. (c) on a hill with a view of the harbor.
5. Mui-po's last home in Hong Kong was
(a) bedspace in a factory. (b) a lean-to on the sidewalk. (c) in a new building put up by the government.

Why?

1. Mui-po's husband tried to give away the newborn children because
(a) triplets never brought a high price. (b) he could not support them. (c) they cried all the time.
2. America's poor are less visible than Hong Kong's because they
(a) do not live on roofs or sidewalks. (b) are all kept in one small part of the United States. (c) are not allowed to appear on the streets of cities in the United States.
3. Hong Kong factories are able to rent out bedspaces at night because
(a) many people have nowhere else to sleep. (b) there is a law against running machinery in factories at night. (c) factories have the only heated rooms in Hong Kong.
4. Whenever a car stops in Calcutta, as many as thirty people may crowd around it because
(a) most Indians have never seen a car. (b) they hope the driver or his passengers will give them something. (c) they want to make an offer to buy it.
5. The story of Mui-po makes Asian poverty more real to us because
(a) it presents the problem in terms of people instead of abstract numbers. (b) her way of life was so much like that of many Americans today. (c) Mui-po is the poster girl for CARE.

What do you think?

1. What is poverty? Is it the same in Hong Kong or Calcutta as in New York or Los Angeles?
2. What causes poverty? Are the causes the same in Asia as in the United States?
3. How may poverty affect the lives, thoughts, and feelings of people living in places like Hong Kong or Calcutta? in New York or Los Angeles?
4. If you had been Mui-po's husband, what would you have done with your newborn children after her death? If a man cannot support his children, whose duty should it be to take care of them?
5. What are some of the things that might be done to prevent poverty in all countries? Should such things be done? Why or why not?

All over Asia, runners were training. High-jumpers were jumping. Teams were getting prepared. The Fourth Asian Games were due to open in Djakarta, Indonesia, in August. There would be track and field meets. Judo, swimming, basketball, and many other sports would be part of the program. Some two thousand athletes from nineteen countries were expected to be there.

The Indonesians worked hard to get ready for the Games. With Russian help, they built a \$17 million sports center. Japan helped pay for an \$8 million hotel. Twelve French cooks were brought from Paris to take charge of feeding foreign guests. Streets were scrubbed and buildings painted. Rickshaw men were banished to out-of-the-way parts of the city. Fleets of Mercedes-Benz taxis took their places.

Meantime, the athletes waited eagerly for the cards that would permit them to enter Indonesia. But when the Nationalist Chinese opened their card packet, they found only pieces of blank cardboard!

Frantically, the Chinese cabled Indonesian officials. The Indonesians promised to look into the matter. Nothing happened. A Nationalist Chinese member of the Asian Games Committee sent cable after cable to Indonesia. He received neither permits nor replies. Four days before the start of the Games, he flew to Djakarta. A highly placed Indonesian met him at the airport. "Your life is in danger," said the Indonesian. "Go back on the same plane."

Later that day, Indonesia's foreign minister made an announcement. He said that Nationalist China had been barred from the Games. The reason? "The sneaky attempt of a Chinese sports official to slip into the country and disrupt the Games."

Israel's athletes did not even get blank cards. In answer to their cable, they were told that too many cards had already been sent out. Later cables went unanswered. Telephone calls were cut off. The Israelis finally gave up. Said one Israeli, "It's like sounding the starter's gun, then tripping the runner."

The Israelis were sure that the Arab countries had forced Indonesia to keep them out. The Nationalist Chinese in Formosa¹ blamed Communist China for getting Indonesia to bar them.

The rules of the Asian Games were clear. No one was supposed to be kept out because of race, religion, or politics. The International Olympic Committee refused to let its flag be flown in Indonesia. Athletes were warned that anyone taking part might be barred from the next Olympics. South Korea delayed sending its team to Djakarta. The large Japanese team said they might stay home.

But tempers cooled as opening day came closer. When Indonesian President Sukarno opened the Games, a hundred thousand people were on hand. Of the athletes, only the Israelis and the Nationalist Chinese were missing.

All was not sweetness and light, however. Most of the events went as planned, but the weight-lifting had to be called off. Only Indonesian strong men had showed up for it. Thai badminton players walked out in the middle of a game. They could have beaten the Indonesians, perhaps, but not the referee. He was clearly on the Indonesian side. Later, some Indonesians at a basketball game rushed onto the court and attacked the Thai players. Another group pushed a water-polo referee from Singapore into the swimming pool.

All this time, the Indonesian papers carried no word of trouble. The Indonesian people were not even told that Israelis and Nationalist Chinese had been kept away. Some of the sports events (mostly those won by Indonesia) were reported on TV. That was all.

Behind the scenes, the Asian Games Committee kept meeting, night after night. Mr. Sondhi of India was a member. He said the name of the gathering should be changed. It did not follow the rules laid down for the Asian Games. For that reason, it should be billed simply as an international competition. Others in the group agreed with him.

But then the Indonesian government stepped in. News stories appeared, stating that the Israelis and Nationalist Chinese had been barred. The newspapers said that Indonesia had the right to bar or to invite anyone at will. They said that Mr. Sondhi's idea for a name change was insulting to President Sukarno.

A demonstration in support of Indonesia was set up—by the Indonesian government. Police and army officers led the march. Music and

speeches blared from a government sound truck. More and more people, both grownups and children, joined the parade. Finally, there were thousands of shouting people in the streets of Djakarta. They marched to the Indian Embassy. There they threw stones and broke windows, roof tiles, and furniture. "Uphold the Fourth Asian Games!" they shouted. "Throw out Sondhi! Indians go home!"

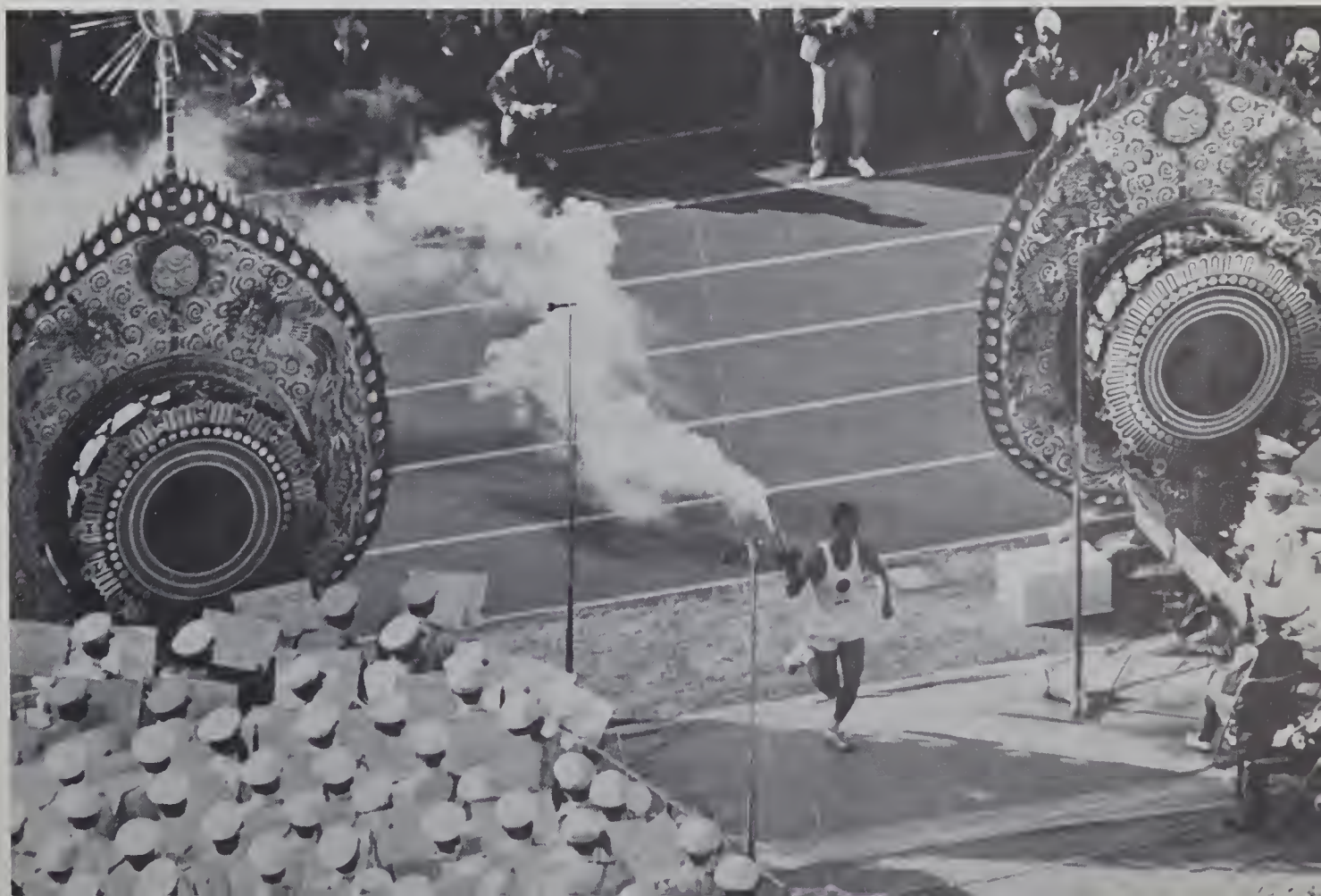
Leaving the place a shambles, the crowd moved onto a six-lane highway. With the Djakarta police clearing the way, they walked about a mile. Gathering at the Hotel Indonesia, they shouted, "Sondhi, come out! Sondhi, go home!"

But the seventy-one-year-old Sondhi was already at the airport, going home as fast as he could.

The Games finally ended in a storm of booing against the Indians. Indonesian businessmen were told by their government to stop trading with India. India called its ambassador home from Djakarta. Mr. Sondhi spoke out bitterly against government control of sports. India's Prime Minister Nehru expressed shock at what had happened.

A gathering that was supposed to further good will and good sportsmanship had ended in international bickering.

At the Olympic Games in Tokyo, athletes from all countries were welcomed. Politics played little part.



The Olympic Ideal

Olympic Games were first held in Greece in 776 B.C. They were held every four years after that.

The men who took part in the Games were always treated as heroes. Athens might be at war with Sparta. Yet runners from Sparta would be welcomed in Athens for the Games. Both Spartans and Athenians felt that victory in the Olympics was more important than winning a battle.

But little by little, politics began to enter the picture. Finally, largely for that reason, they were discontinued. That was at the end of the fourth century A.D. The Games were not started again until 1896.

Again, the people in charge hoped to keep the Olympics free of politics. They hoped that sports figures could compete with one another whether their countries were at peace or war. It has not worked out that way, though. The 1916 Games could not be held because of World War I. In 1940 and again in 1944, World War II made them impossible.

In 1936, the threat of World War II was already hanging over Europe. Its shadow darkened the Olympics held in Berlin that year. Although the Games were beautifully staged, the Olympic ideals were missing. Hitler raged because a black American, Jesse Owens, won four gold medals. He refused to shake the track star's hand.

Happily, not all Germans shared his

views. Owens himself told a story about one of his German rivals. The American had missed several tries at the broad jump. He kept overstepping the board. At last he heard the German's voice at his side. "You are jumping farther than anyone, Jesse. Take off from behind the board."

Because he followed that piece of friendly advice, Owens, not the German, won the gold medal for the broad jump.

Few people, however, seem able to leave politics at home. In 1956, Russian tanks were putting down a revolt in Hungary. Hungarian athletes refused to stay in the same Olympic village with the Russians. When the two groups met at water polo, tempers flared. Blood clouded the water.

In 1968, the Olympics were held in Mexico City. South Africa wanted to send a team. People in many countries were against it. In South Africa, blacks and whites are not allowed to compete with each other. So the South Africans were barred. Still, many men of good will were troubled. Should they have been barred? Or should the Olympics be open to athletes from all countries?

Two American medal winners made political news in Mexico City. Tommie Smith had broken the world record for running 200 meters. His countryman, John Carlos, came in third. As they stood on the victory stand, the band played "The Star-

Spangled Banner” in their honor. The young men suddenly thrust black-gloved fists toward the sky. This was their way of showing to the world their concern for their fellow black Americans.

Smith and Carlos were sent home at once. But Smith did have the last word. “They say that politics has no place in the Games,” he said. “But the United States is the only country that doesn’t dip its

flag to the host country. Isn’t that a kind of politics?”

In Asia, as in most other parts of the world, hunger and fear are the lot of millions. Games, even Olympic Games, cannot seem important to suffering people. But for a world seeking peace and plenty, the Olympic torch, held high, might help to light the way.

Which?

1. The Fourth Asian Games were held in
(a) Communist China. (b) India. (c) Indonesia. (d) Israel.
2. Russia helped prepare for the Fourth Asian Games by
(a) helping to build a sports center. (b) building a hotel. (c) buying a fleet of taxis. (d) sending a dozen of their cooks.
3. Trouble over the Fourth Asian Games began when
(a) Mr. Sondhi wanted to change the name of the Games. (b) an athlete insulted President Sukarno. (c) athletes from two countries were kept out. (d) all the teams stayed home.
4. Indonesia broke the rules laid down for the Asian Games by
(a) forcing everyone to buy a permit card. (b) sending away the rickshaws. (c) barring people because of race or politics. (d) accepting help from Russia and Japan.
5. One result of the trouble over the Asian Games was
(a) the stopping of trade between India and Indonesia. (b) a change in the name of the gathering. (c) a fight between Japan and Thailand. (d) the wrecking of the United States Embassy in Djakarta.
6. Sports meets open to all countries are supposed to
(a) promote good will among nations. (b) take the place of wars. (c) show which country should rule the others. (d) make money for the athletes.

Why?

1. At first, the Indonesians knew nothing about the trouble because
(a) there are no newspapers or television sets in Indonesia. (b) the government-controlled newspapers carried no stories about it. (c) the Games Committee wanted it kept secret.
2. One contest at the Fourth Asian Games had to be called off because
(a) Djakarta had a blackout. (b) of a bomb scare. (c) only the Indonesian team showed up.
3. The Olympic Committee would not let its flag be flown at the Fourth Asian Games because
(a) Indonesia refused to pay the rental charges. (b) Indonesia wanted to put its own flag at the top of the pole. (c) Indonesia had broken the rules of the Games.
4. Two Americans at the 1968 Olympics wore black gloves because
(a) the uniforms of their team were black. (b) they wanted to show concern for their fellow black Americans. (c) they felt that the Olympic Games were dying.
5. South Africa was barred from the 1968 Olympics because
(a) so many people objected to the way blacks are treated in South Africa. (b) black Americans were afraid they would lose to the black South Africans. (c) Communist China had three members on the South African team.

What do you think?

1. Would it be possible to keep all politics out of international sport? Why or why not? Would it be desirable?
2. What are some reasons for and against boycotting athletic meets held in countries with whose politics we disagree?
3. What might be some possible effects of exchanging performances of dancers, singers, athletes, and so on, with countries whose politics are different from ours? What might be some effects of exchanging students?
4. Why might the Arabs have wanted to keep the Israelis out of Indonesia? Why might Communist China have wanted Indonesia to bar the Nationalist Chinese? Could Communist China or the Arab countries have forced the Indonesian government to bar anyone against its will? Why or why not?
5. Should the United States continue its policy of not dipping its flag to the host country?

Bicycles and Billions

Study 5

For the first eleven years of his life, things went well for Konosuke Matsushita. Then his whole world fell apart. Instead of being the school-boy son of a well-to-do rice farmer, he suddenly became a penniless orphan. He had to go to work.

Konosuke's first job was polishing stoves. At night his hands would be so sore and swollen that he could not sleep. In a way, he was almost glad when the stove factory went out of business.

But his next job was worse. He was hired to repair bicycles. The pay was so poor that the boy often had to live on nothing but pickles for days at a time. His only home was a corner of the bicycle shop, where he slept on the floor. Lonely, hungry, and without hope, he often cried himself to sleep.

It was a general rule in Japan that a worker never changed jobs. He was not likely to be dismissed. Neither was he expected to leave of his own free will. But something was happening in Osaka that caught the interest of Konosuke. An electric streetcar line was being built. Whenever he could steal away from the bicycle shop for a moment, Konosuke watched the building going on. Finally he worked up enough nerve to ask for a job with the Osaka Electric Company. The company put him to work placing poles for their power lines. Before long, young Konosuke became a foreman.

In his spare time, the young man learned as much as he could about electricity. He figured out how to make a new kind of light socket. "I could make a fortune with this," he told himself.

So once more he quit a job. He went into business for himself in a two-room factory.

The business did not last long. The sockets worked, but sales were poor. By this time, Konosuke had married. Business was so bad that his bride had to sell her wedding clothes. The money she got for them kept the family in food for a while.

Then Konosuke hit on another idea. Most people in Japan used

candles as bicycle lamps. There were some real lamps, but they would last only two hours. Konosuke began to make a lamp for almost the same price that would burn for fifty hours.

That sold no better than the sockets had. But then the young man had an inspiration. He offered to give a lamp free to any dealer. In return, the dealer had to promise to turn it on and leave it in full view.

People noticed the lamps. Orders began to pour in. Konosuke had to hire help. Soon he branched out into other fields of electricity. He began to make electric irons and electric heaters. Radios and electric motors followed. Factory after factory was added to the Matsushita chain. By the time he was thirty-three, the one-time bicycle boy was rich.

"Find out what people need," he said. "Then make it for them cheaply. Make things in great quantities. Then you can sell them for much less money than you could otherwise." Following his own advice made Konosuke Matsushita the richest man in all Japan.

Besides getting rich himself, Matsushita helped make life richer for his fellow Japanese.



But he never forgot his boyhood. He made sure that the people who worked for him were treated well. His factories were filled with flowers, or had views of beautiful gardens. He piped in Japanese folk songs or the latest music from England and the United States. Matsushita workers had their own swimming pools, bowling alleys, reading rooms. They could play on volleyball teams or attend classes in flower arranging. In many cases, medical care and even houses were given to them free.

By now the Matsushita name has gone beyond the field of electricity. The Japanese billionaire built up hotel and restaurant chains. He bought banks and mines and advertising agencies. But he did more than that. Within his lifetime, he helped to change the face of all Japan. Once it was mainly a farming country. Today it is one of the most highly industrialized of nations. The boy who used to cry himself to sleep grew up to help change the way of life for all his countrymen.

This Tokyo-Osaka Express, which travels about two miles a minute, is typical of the new Japan.



Toward a New Asia

Japan is a small country. China and India are the giants of Asia. Yet Japan may well become the leader in Asia's quest for progress.

Already, just since World War II, the growth of this tiny nation has been almost beyond belief. It is third among all the countries of the world in producing cars and chemicals. It ranks third, too, in its output of cement and stainless steel. Only one other country (the United States) builds more TV sets. And no other country builds as many motorcycles, ships,

radios, and cameras as Japan does now.

All over the world, Japan is known for its fine cloth, well-built machinery, and many kinds of dishes. Scientists everywhere use instruments made in Japan.

Japan builds the largest ships. It has a fine airline. Between Tokyo and Osaka, a train speeds along at more than 125 miles an hour, one of the fastest in the world. Space satellites are being worked on.

The Japanese people are proud of their forward-looking country. They are proud that 99.9 per cent of all their school-age



children are in school. (That is a better record than the United States can boast!) Health conditions are so good that, generally speaking, Japanese people live longer than Americans.

Some 95 per cent of Japanese homes have TV sets. About 80 per cent have washing machines. Only Americans make as many phone calls and buy as many newspapers as the Japanese do.

Japan's small size makes all these things surprising. Even more surprising is that so much is being done in a country with very few resources. There is water power; and

magnesium is taken from the sea water. But there is no oil. There is almost no iron. Only one island in this country of islands has any coal. Even that is a very limited deposit of soft coal.

Because Japan has so few natural riches, it is a good customer for other countries. One of them is the United States. Only Canada buys as much from us as Japan does.

One great natural resource Japan does have is its hard-working people. They, with leaders like Matsushita, may bring their country to the peak of power in Asia.

Which?

1. Konosuke's first job was
(a) being a rice farmer. (b) polishing stoves. (c) putting up power lines.
2. Matsushita's first invention was
(a) a light socket. (b) a new kind of power pole. (c) an electric streetcar.
3. The richest man in Japan made most of his money by
(a) gambling on the stock market. (b) running hotels and restaurants. (c) following his own advice.
4. One of the most important things Matsushita did was to
(a) discover the power of advertising. (b) help bring about changed ways of living in Japan. (c) let his workers listen to music as they worked.
5. The name of Matsushita first became well known in the field of
(a) Japanese folk music. (b) politics. (c) electricity.
6. Matsushita had made his fortune by the time he was
(a) twenty. (b) eleven. (c) thirty-three.

Why?

1. One reason Matsushita tried to make life pleasant for his workers was that
(a) his own early working life had been unpleasant. (b) he wanted to keep them from joining unions. (c) he was afraid of angering them.
2. Matsushita's bride had to sell her wedding clothes because
(a) she got too fat to wear them. (b) she and her husband needed money for food. (c) that was the rule in Osaka.
3. Matsushita might be compared to America's Henry Ford because he
(a) built cars. (b) polished stoves as a boy. (c) believed in mass production and low prices.
4. Japan buys many things from the United States because
(a) it has so few resources of its own. (b) that is one way to thank us for our post-war help. (c) American goods are more carefully made than Japanese goods.
5. Japan may become the giant of Asia because
(a) it is building up a powerful army. (b) President Matsushita is a clever politician. (c) it has already become a great industrial country.
6. Japan's rapid progress is surprising because
(a) its people are known to be lazy. (b) the United States has tried to keep it from building up industries. (c) the country has so little natural wealth.

What do you think?

1. What are some of the things that helped Matsushita become such a rich man?
2. Did Matsushita deserve to become a billionaire? Does anyone? Is it right that the very rich should become powers in politics as well as business?
3. What evidence can you find in *World Studies: Asia* that Japan is now one of the world's most advanced industrial nations? Is there any difference between being "advanced" and "industrially advanced"?
4. What benefits do the Japanese gain from their country's industrial progress? What disadvantages might that progress have for them?
5. What is progress?

Glossary

Key to Pronunciation

a as in hat	é as in term	u as in cup	ə represents:
ā as in age	i as in pin	û as in full	a in about
ã as in care	ī as in ice	ü as in rule	e in taken
ä as in far	o as in hot	ū as in use	i in April
e as in let	ō as in go	th as in thin	o in lemon
ē as in see	ô as in order	TH as in then	u in circus

activists	(ak'tiv·ists). Ones who work for a cause they believe in.
affect	(ə·fekt'). Act on; influence.
authority	(ə·thôr'ə·tē). The right to command or act; a person who has such power or right.
campaign	(kam·pān'). Planned course of action for a special reason.
caste	(kast). Hindu social class.
cholera	(kol'ər·ə). Disease of the stomach; often fatal.
cinema	(sin'ə·mə). Motion picture.
classics	(klas'iks). The best art and literature; the literature of ancient times.
coarse	(kôrs). Rough; not delicate.
collective	(kə·lek'tiv). As a group.
commune	(kom'ūn). A group of people who share land, work, and the products of their labor.
culture	(kul'chər). Civilization of a race or nation at a given time; customs, arts, etc.
discrimination	(dis·krim'ə·nā'shən). Making a difference in favor of or against.
disrupt	(dis·rupt'). Break up.
dowry	(dou'rē). Money or property that a woman brings to her husband when she marries.
economic	(ek'ə·nom'ik). Having to do with money and resources.

effect	(ə·fekt'). Result.
employer	(em·ploi'ər). A person or business that gives work and pay to people.
enlightened	(en·līt'nd). Free from ignorance; knowing truth.
famine	(fam'an). Time of starving.
frenzy	(fren'zē). Near madness; great excitement.
glaze	(glāz). Glassy coating.
gradual	(graj'ü·əl). Little by little.
grisly	(griz'lē). Horrible.
incense	(in'sens). Substance that smells sweet when burning.
independence	(in'di·pen'dəns). Freedom from the control of others.
intention	(in·ten'shən). Purpose.
justice	(jus'tis). Fairness; deserved reward or punishment.
jute	(jüt). A strong fiber used for making rope, sacks, etc.
lean-to	(lēn'tü'). A shelter built against a building or tree.
leech	(lēch). A person who tries to get what he can out of others; a bloodsucking worm.
massive	(mas'iv). Large and solid.
misery	(miz'ər·ē). Poor conditions; unhappy state of mind.
monk	(mungk). Man who gives up everything else for religion.
monorail	(mon'ə·rāl'). Railway in which cars run on one track.

monsoon	(mōn'sūn). of the Indian Ocean and South Asia; a rainy season.	sari	(sā'rē). An outer garment worn by Hindu women.
morals	(môr'als). Principles of conduct; behavior in matters of right and wrong.	scholar	(skol'ər). A person having much knowledge; student.
mourn	(môrn). Feel, show sorrow.	seclusion	(si·klü'zhən). Shut off or keeping apart from others.
oppression	(ə·presh'ən). Being kept down unjustly or by cruelty.	severe	(sə·vir'). Harsh; serious.
outcast	(out'kast'). A person cast out from home and friends.	severed	(sev'ərd). Cut off or apart.
paralyzed	(par'ə·līzd). Unable to move; crippled.	shrine	(shrīn). Place of worship.
peasant	(pez'nt). A farmer.	squatter	(skwot'ər). Person who settles on another's land.
philosophy	(fə·los'ə·fē). System for guiding life; study of the truth or principles underlying all knowledge.	stern	(stērn). Firm; strict.
plague	(plāg). Very dangerous disease that spreads rapidly, often causing death.	strike	(strīk). Hit; stop work to get more pay or to force employers to agree to demands.
pneumonia	(nü·mōn'yə). Disease affecting the lungs.	teak	(tēk). Valuable wood.
populous	(pop'yə·ləs). Having many people per square mile.	technique	(tek·nēk'). A special method or system used to accomplish something.
portrait	(pôr'trit). Picture of a person; description.	tenement	(ten'ə·mənt). A building that people live in, especially in the poor sections of large cities.
poverty	(pov'ər·tē). Condition of being poor.	textile	(teks'tl). Cloth.
prime minister	(prīm'min'is·tər). A government official.	thatch	(thach). Roof or covering of straw, palm leaves, etc.
privilege	(priv'l·ij). A special right or favor.	thresh	(thresh). To separate grain or seeds from the other parts of a plant.
quest	(kwest). Search; hunt.	tropical	(trop'ə·kl). Very hot.
refugee	(ref'ū·jē). Person who flees for safety.	untouchable	(un·tuch'ə·bl). A person of the lowest caste in India.
reservoir	(rez'ər·vwär). Place where water is collected and stored.	urban	(ər'bən). Having to do with cities or towns.
resource	(ri·sôrs'). Any supply or skill that will meet a need.	wandering	(won'dər·ing). Moving here and there.
revolt	(ri·vôlt'). Rise against authority; fight against.	Western	(wes'tərn). Of or in Europe and the Americas, or the West of the United States.
revolutionary	(rev'ə·lü'shən·er'ē). Person who takes part in a revolution; bringing or causing great changes.	wrest	(rest). Twist, pull, or tear away with force.
sacred	(sā'krid). Holy.	wretched	(rech'id). Miserable; very unhappy; very bad.
		writhe	(rīFH). Twist and turn; be very uncomfortable.

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